

# CALLING ALL GIRLS

## Tops with Teens!

JANUARY 154



THE NEW YOU issue  
fashions  
good looks  
stories mc

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# CALLING ALL GIRLS

Tensile Strength

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FROM *you*



**TO *us***

This is your **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, so let us know what you like or dislike and when you would like to see in future issues. We'll print as many of your letters as there's space for. Address *From You to Us* Editor, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 268 Fourth Ave., New York 10, New York.

## LET'S FACE IT

In one of the recent copies of *Calling All Girls* I received a question from one of your readers that struck home. This young lady stated that her parents are foreign-born and do not speak the American language well. She wanted to know if she should make her

friends

We have a young neighbor who has the same problem and I'm sorry to say that she has the same underlying trouble. She is somewhat ashamed of her parents because they do not measure up to her idealistic standards. This girl's parents are very capable and intelligent people, kindly and extremely hospitable. We like them and while we sometimes laugh at their way of saying things, it is done kindly and we hold them no less American than we who can count many generations back in our foreign ancestry.

I am a little disappointed in this girl for this. She has an unusually high scholastic standing and shows great intelligence. But she runs low here. People will hold her in the same respect she holds herself and her feelings about this matter, in a "round-about-way", influence the thoughts of all her associates. She should be proud to have as parents two loving people who are sober and industrious and who welcome wholeheartedly any and all of her friends. My advice to her is to invite your friends and while they are there do not act (much less her) ashamed of that small trouble, their language. Translate if need be and hold your head high and be kindly and understanding. Seeing you in that connection will establish you firmly in the hearts of the best - the others you won't understand.

A mother and an admiring neighbor  
of the other mother.

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## TO DO OR NOT TO DO

In your "Let's Talk It Over" column, maybe Ann Yostman knows a different type of lay than we have in our town so that she thinks parking is all right but here, when the boys want to park, it always means holding sessions. I don't approve of parking my self and neither does my mother, but trying to find excuses for not doing so does make it embarrassing sometimes. It's hard to get out of parking without seeming like a pride. It's pretty upsetting to your social life too. What I'd like to know is how not to park and still keep your friends. After all, no one likes to be *sharless* just because she doesn't like to park. I wish you could help me with that because I know a lot of girls who feel the same way but don't know how to deal with it.

S. Z., San Jose, Calif.

To S. Z. and many others who have written to us and run on the subject of parking—We are planning an article by Eliza-Deek Headboard, a well-known teenage authority, on these "sorrows on wheels" in our February issue.

## ENGLISH ACCENT

I was delighted to see the article, "Love That English Accent". It was very good and I wish more could appear. It's a good way of getting people of the two countries to understand each other. Here at school (Cheltenham Ladies' College) don't let the ladies kid you, it is only from the time it was founded and these girls were ladies we all have C. A. G.

D. B., Cheltenham, Gloucester, England

As an English teenager I was very interested in your article "Love That English Accent" which gave quite an accurate description of us, except for one thing—I have never heard anyone in England say that something was "absolutely marvelous."

S. T., Nottingham, England

Your article on "That English Accent" made me really bucked and ready it was quite a fair picture, though you did make us seem a bit dull and you forgot the toothbrush! We do have a lot of fun though it isn't quite as hectic as jitterbugging.

P. P., Cardiff, England

Dear Eddie:

My daughter Marilyn, who disappeared last January, was an avid reader of *Calling All Girls*. Would you kindly insert this message of hers in your letter column so I know that, wherever she is, she is still reading your magazine and will see it.

Dear Marilyn,

We are very lonesome for you and love you very much. Please let us hear from you.

Mom, Dad, and Shirley

Thank you kindly for your cooperation.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. C. B. G.

# You'll never forget!

## Your FIRST Manicure!

You tried to look unconcerned the first time you had your nails done at the beauty shop! But that *so-so-in-the-air* expression didn't feel a nail!



## Your FIRST Prom!

High school or prep, Michigan or Yale, your first prom was an exciting chapter in your life. Somebody was interested—the reason was you. You never forgot your first prom!

## Your FIRST Cake of CAMAY!



Here's another wonderful "first." Your first cake of Camay can help you to have a softer, clearer skin! Do as the lovely Camay brides do. Give up careless cleansing. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. The wrapper tells how...to be lovelier!



*Camay*

THE SOAP OF  
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

*All that Barry had to beat out his rival was an asthmatic old jalopy. Then—at the crucial moment—he didn't even have that*



# THE NIGHT, THE GIRL, AND THE JALOPY

by MARYLAND NEWCOMB

Barry Whitney's mother was in the kitchen getting dinner the night he brought his "dreamboat" home. As it roared, sputtered, and thumped up the long driveway, Barry, at the helm, had a dim, futile hope that she might not hear him. He knew that she would not be pleased, even though he had told her about the car. Even though she had known full well that Barry's wealth had for the first time in all his sixteen years stretched beyond one figure and half up to ten dollars, and with that fabulous sum he had bought the Buick, vintage 1924.

Hurting to a stop in front of the garage, Barry saw that his small hope had indeed been vain. His mother had heard and was picking her way across the backyard by the beam from a flashlight.

"This is it!" Barry bawled at her across the hood, which came almost to his shoulders. Dismally he waited for her verdict and, for a moment, tried to unwrap the car from his streamlined dress and see it through his mother's eyes. As she explored it with a point of light, Barry saw four manemoth wheels, a hood and a platform of bare boards where the body should have been. That's all there was, except the steering wheel, and as Barry rubbed the part of him that should have sat in the driver's seat, if there had been a driver's seat, it occurred to him that he had become somewhat calloused by those same bare boards.

But almost immediately, with the versatility of youthful optimism, Barry clothed the car in his fancy with a radio, heater, and a sleek red body that closely resembled that of a Lincoln Zephyr.

"Turn it off, Barry," his mother screamed across the shuddering motor. "It's going to blow up!"

"That's just the head," Barry yelled back. "It's crooked. But it's all right." He reached into the darkness beneath the steering wheel and the motor coughed itself to death. In the silence that followed, Barry said, "How do you like her, Mom?"

"Mmmmm," Mrs. Whitney said noncommittally, and (Continued on page 56)



Ruth March snuggled beside him  
on the seat, Harry couldn't  
remember a happier hour in his life.

# YOUTH

## SPEAKS OUT

### ON

## PREJUDICE



EDISON UMO

EXTRIM BADOUR

LOIS HOFFMAN

PIERRE PRUSSER

HELEN REED

#### The Role of the School

I don't think we have any prejudice in my school. We have Japanese, Mexicans, and Negroes. We like each other. A Filipino boy was just elected Yell King over a bunch of white candidates.

*Lois Hoffman*

In my school there's been some prejudice among the girls. Some colored girls went out for the team and passed all the tests but were told they didn't qualify anyway. That's not true of the boys.

*Wesley Owens*

Scholarships and athletic positions are open to any race. If you have the incentive to work and you are good enough, you can do it. But if you are the timid kind and think that just because you are Jewish or Negro you have two strikes against you, you may as well quit now. That's not the right attitude. In a democracy you have to fight, and I think that even a minority group can get somewhere if it has that incentive.

*Edison Umo*

I think it's important to discourage sororities. We don't allow them in California, but girls from the East tell me about them and it sounds as though they encourage discrimination.

*Elaine Davis*

#### The Role of the Church

In the churches just as in the family we can learn to work with other people and not have particular prejudices impressed on us when we do get out with other people.

*Dick Taylor*

It seems to me and to most people I have discussed it with that the reason for prejudice is that people just don't understand one another; they go around saying they don't like this particular religion and then when you ask them what that religion stands for, they haven't the slightest idea. I think the best thing to do is to get people to become—well, not tolerant—tolerant means that you just stand someone, but to make them feel towards other people as human beings. The churches could do a great part in that by not teaching just their own religion.

*Barbara Green*

### The Role of the Home

What you see and what you think you see are the two most important things to you and you have to stick by them—even if your parents don't always agree. You don't have to quarrel with your parents but you don't necessarily have to give up your belief either.

Helen Reed

Parents as well as schools sometimes teach prejudices and it's hard for a child to stand up to parents. A child shouldn't be rude but should say, "Sorry, I disagree."

Jean Lee Ponteray

The home is the basic thing in a democracy because from the home you go into the larger society of the church and the nation. If we can incorporate the idea of democracy in the home with the idea of one world, I think we can have a pretty good world.

Kathleen Badger



KATHLEEN BADGER

RICHARD TAYLOR

ELAINE GAMS

JOHN LEE POWERS

WESLEY GOWEN

BARBARA GREEN

### The Role of the Community

If I worked in a business that wouldn't employ Negroes, I'd try to get out of it, or I'd stay and show I'd be glad to have it changed. Groups like ours (YWCA) could find out about firms that won't hire people for reasons of race or creed.

Helen Reed

You don't convince the boss by quitting. Unless a lot of people start out with the idea that everyone's equal, it won't work.

Pierre Pollinaer

In our own state of California, a disabled veteran with one leg amputated tried to buy a lot and build a home for his wife and two children. The real estate company said Sorry we can't give it to you. You have the money but we can't give it to you. The veteran asked why. He was told there has been a restriction for the last twenty years that didn't allow him there. It seems that after all the things we went through we are going back to all the things that Hitler tried to do.

Edmon Uno

### The Role of the Nation

The United States probably has one of the worst racial situations in the world and one of the most publicized. As far as promoting relationships with the world as a nation, America in the last twenty years has not done what she had said she would, people on the other side feel. I feel perhaps it is largely a matter of communication. They have no way of knowing anything else.

Dick Taylor

We talk about what we're going to do, we talk about what we should have done, we talk about what would be good to do. But we don't do it! We've got to!

Barbara Green

Our constitution grants freedom and equality. But you will still find prejudice in the South and different parts of the country. As a good example, take the potential 49th state, Hawaii. It is a vast melting pot, with a racial harmony that does not exist anywhere in the United States. If we could accomplish that, our democracy would really have something to brag about.

Edmon Uno

# SEVEN DAYS TO BEAUTY

If you're starting the year with a stack of resolutions, we nominate our "Seven Days To Beauty" plan as the wonderful beginning to a new year and a New You. This beauty calendar prepared exclusively for *Calling All Girls* by Ann Delafield of the DuBarry Success Course is so charted that in seven short days you can be on the way to a smoother figure, a lovelier complexion and a healthier you. Cut out this schedule, and paste it on your mirror. You'll soon find you've included this beauty program in your daily grooming.

Today the beauty spotlight rests on skin care. And what is more essential to beauty than a few less wrinkles? Skin reacts quickly to inside and outside changes. Careful diet, proper diet, adequate rest and thorough cleansing can mean a downy-like complexion. Problem skin? Too oily, too dry, countless bumps and blemishes, suddenly more serious trouble and take longer to normalize. See Page 12 for your daily skin care program. Have you eaten all your beauty building foods today and done your exercises? General skin care rules: Never run from bed with a dirty face. Be sure you have a basal movement daily. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. \* Refer to May Good Looks for detailed skin care article.

## THURSDAY



## MONDAY

Chart your week's course today. Take your weight and measurements from midriff, upper and lower hip, thigh, calf and ankle, for an accurate record of your results. Perfect measurements should be within less than one-tenth less than hip and hips. List your food consumption for the past two days and compare it with the basal building foods on Page 12. Rate your share of diet accordingly. Scrubbing your skin without soaping is strong delight. If it's too dry, oily or soaping blemishes, it needs immediate help. Examine your scalp and hair condition. Are your ends split, scalp fatty or over oily? If you feel that your hair and skin need immediate care, start the Tuesday and Thursday programs right away. Otherwise follow the plus day-by-day as suggested. Allow three-quarters of an hour a day for the entire program.



## FRIDAY

Do you take time off before bed each night to give your scalp its daily down? Before you begin hair care, cleanse your face and follow your skin care routine. Do your exercises. Then take your stiff hairbrush and lie on your bed, head dangling near the side. This head down position stimulates circulation, loosens scalp surfaces and encourages fresh masses of blood to nourish your thousands of hair follicles. Working round your head in circles, take strands of hair and brush with a deep, slow, circular movement up and out from the scalp. Does your scalp feel warm and tingly? Good. Now clean your brush with a tissue and assemble your bobbin pins, hairpins, clips, slides, for putting your hair up. Groom tips, shampoo and set your hair weekly, keep combs and brushes sparkling clean, and brush scalp and hair daily.



You may be an outdoor girl but are you getting the proper type of exercise? Spend exercises designed to perfect your posture and maintain a perfect-plus figure and manage healthy boulders. Practice in a well-ventilated room, in ready clothes, about fifteen minutes a day. Start on the exercise below and add a new one on Page 12 each day. In a few days, you'll be exercising to your greatest record and loving it! Here's today's. Set on the floor, arms and legs straight in front of you. Lean forward as you bring, however in, chest up. Roll back on your right shoulder, raising both legs in the air. (Be sure to roll on just part of hip between back bone and hip bone.) Come back to position and repeat to left. Do twenty times. Additional exercises on next page.



## TUESDAY



## SATURDAY

Soft, smooth hands, lacquered or not, depending on your taste, can be your best asset. Here's a deluxe matinée routine: take off chipped polish with remover. Shape your nails to a becoming oval with an emery board (no points, please). Cuticles should be pushed back gently with a cotton covered orangewood stick saturated in cuticle remover. Scrub your hands and nails with a brush, dry and apply a protective film of hand cream or lotion. Use a base coat before polish application to prevent chipping. Then on to polish—a light first coat and a heavier second coat. Clean up excess before you apply clear top coat. Follow similar routine for pedicure, placing cotton between toes to prevent smearing.

No matter how much you "gild the lily" with make up and pretty clothes, beauty comes from within—with healthy, sensible food. The right food gives your hair that luscious sheen, keeps complexion satin-smooth and helps build strong teeth and legs. For a list of foods your daily diet should include see Page 12. Suggestions to overweight: Avoid heavy desserts, cakes, sugars, too fatty or starchy foods. Substitute fresh or stewed fruits for dessert, fruit salads for salads and sandwiches. To underweight: Eat more sleep well, include extra milk, cream and butter in your diet. Plan extra snacks between meals and before bed. Exercise before meals, rest after them. Eat sensible foods often instead of large quantities at one time.

Sunday at last! And you should be well on the way to a New You! Check through your entire schedule today. Compare your weight and measurements with Monday's. Many of you may not have been able to reach perfection in a short week but you should have a well established routine to follow for the future. After you're finished with the tape measure, run through your skin care routine and exercises and then on to a luxurious bath. A few minutes of relaxation and stretching and you're ready to step into a cool, exhilarating shower. Dry your body thoroughly with a fluffy turkish towel, apply a full of bath powder, your deodorant and slip into your fresh clothes. See Page 13 for Make-up Routines. Today should find your posture and skin greatly

## SUNDAY

improved, your hair bathmally polished and your hands soft, smooth and nicely manicured. Your make-up should be typically New Look—fragile, soft and feminine. Spend the day having fun, confident that you look as wonderful as you feel—the perfect example of the New You. **MORE ►**



## SEVEN DAYS TO BEAUTY

Continued

• **Body Foods for Health and Beauty:** Two yellow vegetables; two green vegetables; one egg; one portion of meat, fish or fowl; one potato (cooked in skin and eaten); two 8-oz. glasses of milk; one 8-oz. glass of fruit juice; two glasses of new fruit; two glasses of 100% whole wheat bread; three pats of butter or margarine; one new vegetable salad bowl.

• **Daily Skin Care Program:** Scrub your face several times a day with a mild soap; clean washcloth or complexion brush until it is fresh and glowing. For blemishes or blackheads use a special cleansing preparation mixed with water to form a paste. Apply it all over your face, concentrating on the middle panel of nose, chin and forehead. Allow the cleanser to dry and then scrub it off with a washcloth. (Sensitive skin should use this treatment two or three times weekly.) To dry up any blemishes, put your face to bed under a covering of emollient lotion. • **Makeup Routine:** Use a makeup base of cream, cake or lotion to protect your skin from winter winds and give you a fresh dewy look for hours. Smooth it over your face and neck and blend with the fingers. If you lack that rosy glow, add a bit of cream rouge to your cheeks. Smile as you apply it, blending it up and out. Press on powder with a clean piece of cotton or fresh puff. Brush off the excess with fresh cotton. Now learn to apply your lipstick with a brush. Draw your natural outline with the tip of the brush, using your chin as a rest for your last two fingers. Fill in with the brush or your lipstick. Better not try to improve on nature and get a smarred look by building up your mouth. Blend your lipstick to set it properly.



DANNEPREE

## EXERCISES

1 **Rocking Chair Illustration:** See Tuesday.

2 **Balance a Book for Beauty:** Find a fairly heavy book and a smooth wall surface. Flatten your spine against it. Hold book in right hand, place hands against the wall, four inches apart. Bend your knees, turning them out. Pull the end of the spine away from the wall as you dig your waistline into it. Slowly, slowly, slide up the wall until your legs are almost straight. Lift your chest up, push chest up, move your head two inches away from the wall and place the book on your head. Feel the pull? Repeat 10 times.

3 **Dry Squeezing—firm and develops bosom:** Lie on your back on a piano bench or two chairs, feet flat on floor, hands at your sides. Raise arms up, slowly, to simulate overhand backstroke. Arms come up, over head, back and down. Repeat complete movement 10 times.

4 **Strong Roll—stirs intestine, thighs and buttocks:** Sit on the floor, legs straight and together. Roll on the floor to the right, balancing weight with right arm, belt above. Roll to the left. Alternate 25 times.

5 **The Balance Stretch—stirs tammy, bosom and waistline:** Sit cross-legged as floor with backbone flat against edge of open door. Press buttocks tightly to door. Dig your waistline against the door surface, pulling tammy in. Lift your chest above waistline digging against door. Push chest up. Raise arms straight above your head. Push arms, thumbs pointing upward, back as far as possible. Slide arms to the sides, repeating pushing movement four times. Change position four times. Repeat exercise 10 times in all.

# YOU LOOK SO 1948!

"Short look" hair-do -----

Gibson collar and tie -----

Stick-pins -----

Gibson sleeves -----

Whittled waist -----

Rounded hips -----

Longer skirt -----

Darker nylons -----

Closed-up shoes—higher heel -----



It's bound to be your Happy New Year when you look like this. You've either cut your hair short, or you do it up in sleek "short cut" effect. You wear this dress in the figure-conscious Gibson tradition. Smart jewelry, such as stickpins, personalizes your costume. Your skirt is 14 inches from the ground; your Nylons are darkish; your shoes have toes and heels. It's the New Look; It's the New You! Two-piece Dress by Teen House of open rayon. About \$13 at Schuster's, Milwaukee; Gimbel's, Pittsburgh; Bloomingdale's, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; and Meier & Frank, Portland. Stickpins by Accessorcraft, Saugerties, New York. Shoes, \$6.95, from Kapp-Newport, Providence.

Make like a butterfly and break out of your winter cocoon right now with a springlike pastel suit. You'll wear it under your dark winter coat now; you'll lead the Easter parade in it later. You'll be first in your crowd to try your wings for spring!

This page, top—Pencil stripe pastel wool crepe for a Whirlaway suit with notched lapels on which to wear your heraldic stickpins by Benedikt. A Young City Original in pink with gray stripes or gold with gray stripes, under \$35 at Brown Thiemann, Hartford, and The Emporium, St. Paul. Cloche by Madcap.

Center—Another new suit silhouette—short boxy jacket, pencil slim skirt. In pastel wool crepe by Barbara, under \$35 at Denver Dry Goods, Denver, and The Hecht Co., Washington. Clip a boutonniere by Flower Modes to your Peter Pan collar. Crocheted cloche by Madcap.

Below—As practical as they are pastel-pretty—flared jacket and flared skirt of Kohinoor, a washable, sandtrized Avico rayon fabric by Leses Bach. Skirt about \$8, jacket about \$15. By Tournaine. At May Company, Los Angeles; Burdine's, Miami; and Jooke's, San Antonio.



## BLOSSOM OUT IN A PASTEL SUIT

Opposite page—The Whirlaway suit—destined to be THE big spring fashion. In aqua or daisy rose woolen crepe with waist-whiteling, hip-rounding jacket and longer ballerina skirt. Back or front, it's the prettiest suit of the season! By Bras-Tees, in sizes 10 to 16, about \$35 at Filene's, Boston; The Dayton's Co., Minneapolis; Franklin Simon's, New York; Kaufman's, Pittsburgh; and Saks, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. With it, your made-to-match felt hat by Betmar with upturned brim faced in black velvet to tie-up with your black shoes and darker nylons.

Pastel suits at many other stores on page 67, or write for where-to-buy information.



you're  
not  
hard  
to  
fit

If you're so round, so firm  
and slightly over weight, you'll look  
trimmer and slimmer in a girdle,  
especially designed to  
whittle waistlines, smooth tummies  
and hips. J. J. Tees Type  
by Leading Foundations, about \$5  
at Franklin Simon's, New York



DAMASK



Left: Peter Pan striped cotton, belted with white in two-piece effect.

Nobody but you will know that  
these smooth Gibson  
Girl cottons are especially  
designed. They have none of that dowdy  
"Chubby" look about

them—and neither will you, when you wear them.

Right: Marcelline striped with ruffled hem.  
Chabette dresses sizes 10½ to 16½, about \$6 at  
Marshall Field, Chicago, Neiman Marcus, Dallas, R. Altman,  
New York; Thalhimer's, Richmond, Jordan Marsh, Boston.  
They're also available at many stores listed on page 87.

# Hold that line!

by MARTHA ROSS

*Rate an Oscar from your audience with smooth dialogue. "Murder?" "You ain't kiddin?" and a lot of ya-da-da ya-da-da makes your sound track as corny as a B movie's*

**A** lot of people would make excellent still lifes. You know—they're fine to look at. They have good taste in color and a neat design. Or these people might even make excellent silent movies; they may have grace, too. But that's as far as they go. When the sound is dubbed in, the picture is ruined.

The sound effect—that is, the way a person speaks—is just a habit, and like any other habit, it can be good or bad. The main difficulty is that when the speaking habits are good, they are not noticed too much in themselves. You are just aware that what a well-spoken person says is pleasant, and that her words and diction complement the picture she makes. But when the habits are bad, they really gum up the picture because they distract you from all the attractive effects the silent version of the person might make.

For instance, take the case of Susan B. Susan is cute, gay, and popular. In fact, many of her girl friends secretly envy her the rush and succession of dates she enjoys. However, they don't know the inside story. The boys like to take Susan out once in a while, but for their deeper interests they turn to someone else. They like her gay line of chatter for a dance or a party, but they recognize it for a lie, and look for a girl with a little more sincerity in her words for a steady date. A line along the you-great-big-wonderful-man theme makes a fellow feel pretty good for a while and he likes to listen to it, just to give his ego a boost. But when he realizes it's being tried on him tonight and another guy another night—well, a line is standard equipment for catching a fish and what boy wants to be an easy mark?

Susan could solve her dilemma easily enough. She could try putting her vivacity into attentiveness rather than talkativeness. She should try to break herself of

the habit of pat patter. She should wait and follow conversational leads that her dates might give her rather than rush in and offer the goo.

Of course, not all dates are generous with leads, but a clever girl can draw a date out. Drawing a person out is a "line" in its own way, but one in much better taste than a set speech that is delivered as though it were being read from a script. If you're trying to show a person that you like him, you can't do it with rehearsed chatter. He'll feel the lack of spontaneity and sincerity and be offended by it, especially when and if he compares notes with other boys who've listened in on the same compliments. Susan would get along fine in the conversational world if she'd learn to hold that line!

A line is a subtle sort of bad habit. Some bad habits are more obvious. Look at Helen F. Helen is also an awfully cute kid. She doesn't have a line. She is sincerity itself in her speech. In fact she tries so hard to impress people that she means just what she says, that she has fallen into some talking tricks that make her friends want to gag her. Practically every sentence Helen utters begins with "I mean," and not a few of them end with "see?" To quote a few seconds of Helen, "I mean, it's an awfully good movie and this Geoffrey Scott is the lead, see? And he plays a detective, see? I mean, he's the one Donald Lund is after, see?" and on ad infinitum, see?

There's really nothing wrong with what Helen says except that people would probably know she "meant" what she told them and "see" the point quite as well without the constant reminders. The habit of constantly repeating certain words or phrases can be most irritating. "A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose," said Gertrude Stein in the course of making a point. (Continued on page 68)



Reproduced from *Woman's Wear in Florida*. These  
were gowns of surprise—and also up-to-date.

# SERENADE FOR A SENORITA

Rhina Maria's heart was aglow with thoughts of

her début. But there was a small fear, too,

that she'd done the one thing that would ruin it

by SANDER ARIZA

Rhina Maria's heart was a hummingbird. It sang when she sang. It did not cease singing when she had no songs left, but continued its melody in her breast more musical with every fresh beauty of the day. And what day could be more important in any life than this day which had at last come to Rhina Maria? It was the day between childhood and womanhood. Today she was a child, tomorrow she would be a woman.

Rhina Maria, doubtless because of the day, was the most beautiful young woman in Puerto Plata, perhaps even in all the Dominican Republic. Her hair was black and long and plentiful, mantling her shapely brown shoulders. Her face was a smooth oval untouched by rouge or lipstick or eyehow pencil. There were small roses in her cheeks which no human finger had placed there. Rhina Maria had black eyes, white teeth which were seen often in her ready smiles, and the sweetest kind of nose. Her feet were dancer's feet, light as feathers. Rhina Maria herself was straight and true as an arrow. She was a young, vibrant Dominican.

The telephone rang. Her heart sang again. The telephone had been ringing all day. Young men of Puerto Plata were telephoning for dances at her début, her coming-out party. Even when her card was full, she hoped, she knew, that they would continue calling. They were gentlemen, she was a lady.

"Hello?" said Rhina Maria, unable to keep out of her voice the music that was in her heart.

"Hello, Rhina Maria," said the voice of Rafael Duarte. After today she would not be Rhina Maria to him or to any young man. She would be *Senorita Mendez* who had left childhood forever behind her.

"Yes, Rafael?" she said.

"The dances, Rhina Maria," he said. "Have they all been taken? Have you said nothing for an old friend of the family?"

"I am not sure there are any left, Rafael," she replied. "In truth there are not many, anyway."

"May I have the second waltz? I already know that José Bencosme has the first."

"I am sorry, it has been taken."

"The first dance then? The second dance?"

"Both taken, my friend Rafael. I am desolated." It was scarcely true that she was desolated, for to have all the dances taken proved her popularity.

"The first dance then? The second?"

"The second dance, Rafael? Yes, I believe that one is open. You shall have it, Rafael."

"Thank you, Rhina Maria," said Rafael. "I shall be the first tomorrow night to set my name down in your program. The second dance. Goodbye!"

"Who was it, Rhina Maria?" called her mother, Doña María, from the cool shadows of the veranda. "Rafael Duarte, Little Mama, to ask me for all the dances, until we settled on the second dance."

"You have not given two. (Continued on page 62)

*Midwest, big-big, and vigorous is Wisconsin's State "U" at Madison. Its large and lonely campus—on the hill, but with a 13,000 foot shore line on Lake Mendota—swarms with students, over 18,000 of them, three men to a girl. Founded in 1838, it has plenty of history and tradition, but "On, Wisconsin!" is its spirit.*

*Dr. Edwin B. Fred is its president. A state university, Wisconsin's tuition is lower than private colleges, its advantages many, its waiting lists long.*



Seances are a regular thing in Economics I, because Prof. "Wild Bill" Kochhafer, long time on campus and a top favorite with the students, seasons the subject with plenty of humor. His lectures usually end with clowns for the prof.



1. Of course the hyperkin, struts at one may, for it's "W" Day, when  
lofty lettermen, armed with swords, clear up an area. Other big Badger events: Homecoming—the Winter  
Caravan—and Womday, when "blue-jeans" take out to spring clean the campus.

2. Craftsmen rates high at Wisconsin, where trunks, radios, and everything are fair weather

treasures. Old Rag Winter finds crafts bring with the Badgers, or preparing for the  
Winter Carnival, a girls' work of lace, Follies, Snow Ball, and snowball fun.

3. If you haven't dallied at The Farm, you don't know what rocks on campus. It's the  
popular pharmacy at State and Lake, bringing for soft-drink devotion. Other spots  
dear to Badger hearts are Picnic Point on Lake Mendota and Forest Observatory Hill.

## C.A.G. VISITS WISCONSIN

by  
ANNETTE  
TURNBURN

4. Homecoming at Wisconsin finds every dorm decorated in welcome back Badger  
slams for the season's big game, and to put a defiant "Nyuk!" to the visiting team. The  
cleverest idea for putting a eye out of such faces as Northwestern's Wildcats gets a prize.

5. Read all about it in the Daily Cardinal. Like all Wisconsin students, Natalie Burt  
of Madison is so busy—she has a part-time job, is an audience gal and Badger member,  
has a top-notch academic record—she depends on her campus "dally" to keep her in the know.

6. Spring, beautiful Spring, finds every classroom overflowing out of doors. Not lasting,  
though. Takes study to keep up with Wisconsin's outstanding record in scientific  
research, education, and public service. Her three big claims to academic fame



WHO SAYS WE CAN'T  
TAME THAT WILD CAT?



Resolve now: to rise and  
shine when the  
alarm goes off; and to eat  
a better breakfast  
in the extra time

Result: more pep  
and better grades.

## EAT A BETTER BREAKFAST

by ZOLA VINCENT, Food Editor

There is a direct relationship between your breakfast and your report card. A good breakfast that includes milk, fruit or fruit juice, cereal and eggs gives you more vim, vigor and personality plus for the morning school hours.

If your family belongs to the "get up, gulp and go" school of breakfasters, there is something YOU can do about it . . . something that will aid the general health and well-being of the entire family.

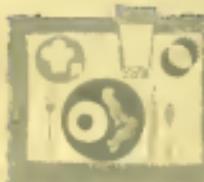
### Good Ways To Start Your Days

There is no excuse whatever for breakfast monotony; for having "the same old breakfast." Breakfast is the one meal where all members of the family can indulge their fancy with the greatest of ease.

Surely by now everyone, everywhere, is aware of the importance of vitamins and known that vitamins show up in greatest numbers in citrus fruits whether fresh, canned or juiced; in (Continued on page 66)

## RISE AND SHINE

by JACKIE MORRELL



**Y**ou know that gal who bounced into eight o'clock English this morning, alive and almost disgustingly bright-and-cheery? And there you sat (or lopped might be a better word), longing for a toothpick to keep your eyelids up, feeling as if life practically wasn't worth living.

What made the difference? Well, maybe those articles about everybody having a different peak-time in the day are true. But chances are the answer is really simpler than that.

Think back to the birdie-boar this morning. You went to bed on time last night, and you heard the alarm. But you didn't pry yourself from under that woolly blanket till your mother pulled you out by the ears. "Yipe!" you probably yiped. "I gotta gallop!"

You tossed on a sweater and skirt, still so sleepy-eyed you wound up with purple socks and a tomato-red sweater. Then you grabbed your stuff, getting a history notebook instead of your English theme, and out the door you careered. Remember your mother calling after you something about breakfast? Or have you grown deaf to that routine?

So what happened? You felt dull and crusty. You didn't have your theme, and all of a sudden you were painfully conscious of the color feed you'd worn.

And worst of all, you don't remember a blessed thing said in class.

Nice day this started out to be.

"But," you say, "it's just the way I'm made—this being seven-tenths dead till ten o'clock."

Oh, is it, now? Remember that gal, the one up in the first paragraph? She's made exactly like you. She's sleeping just as happily as you are when the alarm squawks. But just like you, she's gotta get up.

So—she gets up! That sounds simple, doesn't it? And it is. Those fifteen minutes you waste rebelling don't really cost you. They merely make sure that you'll be worn to a frazzle at least until noon.

What's the percentage? Uh-huh, zero.

Now then, she's up. Maybe she was extra smart and decided last night what she was going to wear. Or else,

those extra minutes gave her thirty seconds leeway to look at herself after she was awake enough to see if something drastic was wrong.

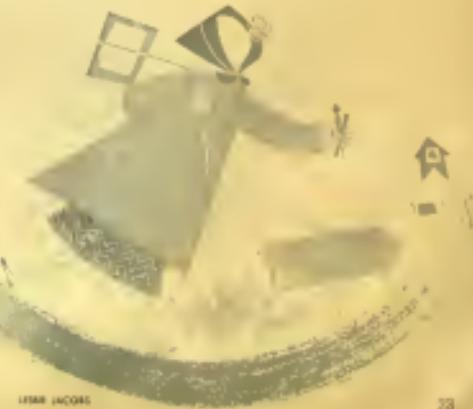
Then came the real catch about that quarter of an hour. A long-lost custom, a charming tradition, breakfast.

Held on now. She did have time to eat it. She did enjoy it. And you know what good it did.

Look at it this way. Saving ten minutes to eat in the morning is important to your stomach and your disposition! You've had little or nothing to eat since dinner some twelve or thirteen hours ago. If you dash around like crazy till lunch, that's maybe eighteen hours with no gas in the motor, so to speak.

Result? Well, you won't keel over, you know that. But you know perfectly well that you're one point off the beam. Everything, including your brain and your sparkle, slows up. That's the real danger in skipping breakfast.

Stop grumblin' that you don't like breakfast. Your mother probably has a couple of mouth-watering ideas she'd be tickled to trot out if (Continued on page 66)



# G

## IRLS IN THE OLYMPICS



Speed skater Andrea  
Mond, who can fly  
down the rink, makes  
beautiful pictures  
even at high speed

*They're off to the winter wonderland of St. Moritz to compete with the world's finest skiers and skaters*

by ANN THORNE

**National Pair** ▶  
Champions Yvonne  
Sherman and Bob  
Sweeney cut a neat  
new figure on ice.



◀ **Wanted on nation's**  
most ardent skaters,  
Eileen Souch shows  
no waste, and brings  
rhythm to the roads.



**Ruth Marie Stein** ▶  
set record skating  
in kindergartens, and  
did her first running  
for her junior high.



◀ **These Kennedy**  
kids, Eunice and  
Pat, turn up on  
ice, turn out a spec-  
tacular skating act.



**Brynnild Gray** ▶  
soon passed up  
modeling for skating.  
She plans to enter  
college in the fall.



Among the happiest, most excited of all the contestants in the 1948 Olympics will be two of the youngest girl athletes ever to qualify for this greatest of sports events. Eunice Kennedy, fifteen-year-old figure skater, and Andree Mead, skier, who passed the tryout tests last winter at the age of fourteen, were barely knee-high when the last Olympics were held in 1936.

In fact, almost all the American girls competing in the Olympic Winter Games at St. Moritz, Switzerland, from January 30 to February 8, are in their teens, or very little older. For most of them, taking part in the Winter Games will mean their first glimpse of Europe, their first ocean voyage or trans-Atlantic air trip, their first chance to compete against the top amateur athletes of other countries.

They've been training for this event for a long time, looking forward to it, keeping their fingers crossed about passing the tryout tests. Now they're in. They'll be gathering in New York in January to make the trip abroad.

But probably none of them is really prepared for the terrific thrill of competing in the Winter Games. Imagine racing down Alpine slopes at sixty miles or more an hour, the wind roaring past you, on your sweater the Olympic emblem in the colors of the American flag, loud-speakers blaring, crowds roaring while you try to outdistance the greatest athletes of eighteen other nations who are racing with you! Or remembering, as you perform your best figures on the ice while the spectators watch, almost breathless with admiration, that some of the greatest skaters of all time have held just such crowds spellbound when they were Olympic contestants like you!

The original Olympics, in case you're a little rusty on your Greek history, were festivals held every four years (an Olympiad equals four years, just for the record) in Elos, Greece, at which the best athletes, poets, painters, and so on were awarded the laurel crown, highest honor of all. Today's Olympics—revived late in the nineteenth century to encourage friendship among nations and the finest kind of sports ideals—are modeled after those of the ancients.

They're for amateurs only, which means that anyone who's accepted either cash or gifts for his—or her—athletic performances can't compete. The young stars of the ski trails and skating rinks who will be fighting for first place at St. Moritz in February are out, not for money prizes—there aren't any—but for that precious certificate that says they won—or at least that they tried. That's true, too, for the discus throwers, high-jumpers, runners, swimmers, and all the others who will be competing at the Olympic summer games in London from July 29 to August 13.

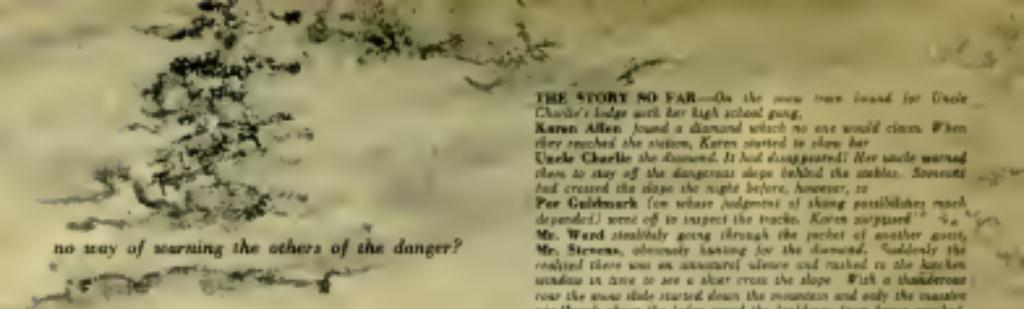
The Olympics at London will be officially opened when the bells ring out and cross-country runners—hordes of them—arrive with the Olympic flame, a lighted torch which they've carried day and night, through country after country, from Elos in Greece to London. The man who proudly holds the torch aloft when the runners race into the Olympic (Continued on page 64)

*It was too late for Karen to save herself but was there...*



"Get going!" Ward snapped.  
An automaton glided  
in his gloved hand.

Hans Eitzen



no way of warning the others of the danger?

**THE STORY SO FAR**—On the snow train bound for Uncle Charlie's lodge with her high inland gang, Karen Allen found a diamond which no one would claim. When they reached the station, Karen started to claim her Uncle Charlie the diamond. It had disappeared! Her uncle warned her to stay off of the dangerous slope behind the station. Stevens had crossed the slope the night before, however, and for Goldmark (an expert in shing possibilities much descended) went off to inspect the tracks. Karen suspected Mr. Ward steadily going through the pocket of another guest, Mr. Stevens, obviously hunting for the diamond. Suddenly the realized there was an unoccupied silence and rushed to the kitchen window in time to see a skier cross the slope. With a tremendous roar the snow slide started down the mountain and only the massive windowsills above the ledge saved the buildings from being crushed. Fearing that Per had been buried, the gang started in search for him when he suddenly skied into view with three ski poles instead of two. Per had surprised a stranger who, in his haste to get away, had lost a pole before shing over the slope. Later when Per went to the shed to inspect the strange ski pole, Karen followed him, only to find that Mr. Ward had had the same idea. Mr. Stevens and Uncle Charlie appeared in time to hear Ward's hasty explanation. Just then the top of the ski pole came off in Per's hand and three diamonds rolled out on the floor! Now go on with the story.

# Diamond in the Snow

by ADRIEN STOUTENBURG AND BARBARA RITCHIE

**CHAPTER 3** Uncle Charlie scooped the diamonds up in his hands. "So that's the kind of trap line the so-called trapper is running. Diamonds hidden in a ski-pole! But why? What's his game?"

Ward had inched forward, eyes fixed on the jewels. "How do you know it's the same fellow?" he shot out, his usually flat voice pitched high.

Uncle Charlie did not answer. As for the others who had come crowding into the woodshed just in time to see Per's discovery of the diamonds in the ski pole, their faces were blank and bewildered. Only Mr. Stevens, rocking slowly back and forth on his heels, seemed unperturbed. Almost too unperturbed!

Uncle Charlie smiled nervously at Karen. "This time, I guess maybe I'd better appoint myself guardian of these diamonds, eh? Wonder who's guarding the other one that you found on the train?"

"You're welcome to them," Karen said. "I'd be scared to death of somebody creeping up on me."

She shouldn't have said it, she realized. Everybody was jumpy enough as it was. Everybody but cool, self-possessed Mr. Stevens.

That night she tried valiantly to get to sleep, but her

thoughts were whirling. There seemed to be no end to the mad swirl of events that had started only that morning on the snow train. If the mystery wasn't cleared up pretty soon, they'd never have time to get around to exploring the region's resort possibilities.

When she finally fell asleep, she was plagued with nightmares in which an evil-looking skier kept pursuing her over the mountains. Just as he was about to clutch her, she woke to the gray, still light of morning seeping in through the drawn curtains.

The snow had stopped. Per, surveying the sky after breakfast, agreed that even though the sky still looked stormy, they could risk going on a short trip toward the Lower Cloud trail. "I'd better check on the map again," he said, reaching in his back pocket. He moistened his lips and frowned. "Gone!"

Ward, who was sitting on the opposite side of the round table, raised his dark eyebrows. "You've lost the map? I'd hoped to have a chance to study it to see if there isn't some way to get to Snowline."

Stevens cleared his throat and looked at Ward. "You're quite sure you still want to go to Snowline, Mr. W?" It's a risky trail, I've heard." (Continued on page 48)



From all over the 48 states have come the Oak Ridge families. Proof is the unique collection of pennants in the Waldens' Den. The good neighbors are Bill Calh of Tennessee and Mary Rolling of Minnesota. Many wear moccasins without socks, a favorite fashion among the girls at Oak Ridge High.

## HI-SCHOOL HANGOUT

OAK RIDGE, TENNESSEE

by GAYLEN GOODRICH

• Tucked away in a remote valley of eastern Tennessee, eighteen miles from Knoxville, is the city of Oak Ridge—whose name has gone down in history as the secret center of the Atomic Bomb Project. Today, operated under the supervision of the Atomic Energy Commission, Oak Ridge (current population 35,000) is still a closed, guarded city through whose gates none may enter without a pass.

Because of its isolation from the outer world, Oak Ridge places strong emphasis on inter-community activities. Serving seven of its eight square miles are innumerable social centers, tennis courts and the second largest outdoor swimming pool in the United States.

But of all these facilities, the Waldens' Den is unique with young folks—at any one of the 760 Oak Ridge High School students will tell you at the drop of a straw—because it is there special functions the place in which they measure in their leisure time to swing the piano, spin the placards and glue on colors and gags.

Some of gay dances and parties, the Den is also headquarters for many serious discussions by Oak Ridge boys and girls whose surroundings and everyday life have made them especially aware of the world-shattering force of atomic power. "We realize," they say, "that the ushering in of the Atomic Age has not made all frontiers and that man now set it but got to be our world at home."

The porch ranking as a comfortable place to perch and blow plastic bubbles. From left to right, Jean Gilkison, Mary Lee Miller and Marjorie Curtis pull and they pull. The three are also active in Oak Ridge High's Youth Council on the Atomic Crisis, which crusades for the peaceful use of nuclear energy.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. E. WILCOX

All out for the Wildcats' Den as Don Riley brings his jeep, Aron Shuster, no a greasing stop. The girls know on occasions, like to travel in jeeps. "We want fun, not heavy romance," they declare. For fun they often drive from Shuster's Service, garage, and gasfests that go on till the tired guests fall asleep on blankets in the living room.



The juke box is neglected as jitterbugs stamp to Pollock's recorded music, piped via telephone wire to the Den from a central broadcasting studio in Oak Ridge. Dancers telephone their requests to Mr. Pollock. Generally they're for "Smokin' Sneezy! Smokin' Snake!" (That Cigarette), and Vaughn Monroe's arrangement of "Racing with the Moon."



The girls steady their nerves with lollipops during a tense game of Chinese Checkers. Chester Painter (left) has just pulled a blower, and Tommy Stephenson comments: "That's sure"—stressed Oak Ridge for things good, bad and indifferent. A bad joke gets laced with the quip, "Dear John, that's all she wrote."



The Wildcats' Den is a one-room wing of a rambling one-story building, typical of Oak Ridge architecture. It is crowded evenings and evenings but the big dance night is Friday. The festival season is marked by a series of gay victory or consciousness hops but other times of the year "Just Because" dances furnish excuse for fun and frolic.

(Continued on following page)

## HI-SCHOOL HANGOUT

(Continued from preceding page)



Above—Sawdust around the piano, some reed, and sawdust about the piano. You can tell an Oak Ridge teen-ager because she almost always wears a longstreamed bow in her hair and carries a tiny brush in lieu of a comb. She doesn't care for jewelry except for a class ring or miniature loothall worn as a chain around her neck.

Center—The windows of the Den are curtained in gray and pasture, the Oak Ridge High colors. Helpfully heading the banner is Danny Dilley, a Carina Bryson. The three diamonds on the sleeve of Danny's high school sweater indicate a three-year membership in the high school band. He's also senior class president and manager of the football team.

Below—These are for Celery at the initial-annual snack counter. You can also order a Kneppenauer, a confection made with the juice of a lime, crushed ice, and as much salt as palatable. It's mainly the boys who go for this. In the goc line the girls prefer the more orthodox hot fudge sundae. Snack bar proceeds pay for decorations.

## YVONNE

by PAT PEMBERTON (AGE 15)

I was strolling rather sinlessly through Toller's, the biggest department store in the city, thinking about Yvonne. Yvonne has long, black, silky hair—the kind a man likes to run his fingers through—only I haven't gotten to that stage yet. Yvonne has dark, mysterious eyes that make it hard for a guy to know whether she's going to say yes or no—and red lips that smile in the most fascinating way when I grin at her.

"Yvonne, how about going to the dance with me?" I whispered, grinning irresistibly.

"Can I help you, sir?" she said.

"Hush? Oh, yes—I mean—pardon me, Yvonne—I mean—" I turned abruptly from the saleslady, who seemed about to burst out laughing, and tried to walk away nonchalantly. Some people are so unromantic.

Now you take Yvonne. Yvonne. Even her name is beautiful, tantalizing, exquisite. I had looked it up somewhere and found that it meant "God's gift." Upon learning this, I had immediately thanked God fervently and humbly that she existed, and that she had even consented to three dates with me. I had also put in a little prayer that she would go with me to the dance, which was now only a week away.

I passed the stationery counter, reflected vaguely that my fountain pen leaked, and picked up a red one with green and brown spots. It looked sort of distinctive, I decided. Impressive. And Yvonne would certainly notice, if I sort of unconsciously displayed it in English class, that it fit my dynamic personality perfectly.

"Like to try it out, sir?" The salesman (Continued on page 52)

They tried hard and made the grade—

You can do the same.

Just post to us a poem or story;

Your brainchild will bring you fame

AS

YOU  
WROTE

IT



## SOPHISTICATION

by PAT KERSTEN (AGE 18)

This was to be her night. For exactly three weeks and five days she had looked forward to it, taking care each day to cross off the preceding one on the calendar. And now as she stood before the floor-length mirror she surveyed the finished product of almost two hours' slow and elaborate preparation.

If Phil and the gang could see me now, she thought. Quite a difference from my saddle shoes and lumberjack shirt. The gang were her friends, the boys and girls with whom she'd grown up and gone around all her life. She wondered if they would even know her in her smooth new black formal with the thin straps and low neckline.

She wondered what Phil would say if he saw her—probably emit a long slow whistle of approval—so like Phil, young and cute, but with no suaveness at all. She had been "Phil's girl" ever since she could remember, but she was tired of it now, tired, not because she didn't like Phil, but because she longed for an older, more mature man. She was growing up and had a desire to "see life." It was this that made her beg her glamorous older sister, Cynthia, to let her be Tommy's cousin's blind date. It took a lot of persuading, but something about the earnestness and pleading in her voice and eyes made Cynthia say yes. To be like her was Nancy's aim—modern, sophisticated and fascinating.

"Well, little Miss Sophisticate," Cynthia's amused face appeared at the bedroom door, "you're looking wonderful—sharp I guess your friends would call it. All ready with the personality smile? Bob is just like Tommy and all my friends, so I know you'll (Continued on page 53)

## STATE COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS

## APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

(This section to be filled by the candidate)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (surname) \_\_\_\_\_ (first given name) \_\_\_\_\_ (second given name)

Home address \_\_\_\_\_ (Street and Number) \_\_\_\_\_ (City) \_\_\_\_\_ (State) \_\_\_\_\_ (Country)

Date of birth \_\_\_\_\_ Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Name of father, or mother, or legal guardian \_\_\_\_\_

Address of above \_\_\_\_\_

Normal School attended, if any \_\_\_\_\_ Teaching experience (years) \_\_\_\_\_ (years or months)

College attended, if any \_\_\_\_\_ Date study will begin \_\_\_\_\_

 Degree applied for ( ) A. B. ( ) B. Ed. Residence requirement ( ) regular sessions  
 (check) ( ) B. S. (Commerce) ( ) B. S. (Librarianship) to be completed in: ( ) summer sessions  
 (check) ( ) evening courses

DECLARATION: I hereby declare that my object in seeking admission to the State College for Teachers is to prepare myself for the teaching profession; and I further declare that it is my intention upon graduation to devote myself to teaching in the schools of this State.

Signature of applicant

(This section, except column E, to be filled in by the High School Principal)						(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)			
	Subjects	Academic year studied	No. of Weeks	Hours-Week	School Month	Regents Mark		Subjects	Academic year studied	No. of Weeks	Hours-Week	School Month	Regents Mark	Date
Mathematics	4 years.							3 years.						
	Int. Algebra							3 years.						
	Adv. Algebra							3 years.						
	Pl. Geometry							3 years.						
	Sol. Geometry							Biology						
	Pl. Trig.							Chemistry						
Social Science AND HISTORY								General Science						
								Physics						
Latin	2 years.													
	3 years.													
	4th year													
French	2 years.													
	3 years.													
	Total Units							Total Units						

Underscore any subject in which a candidate has taken a second examination to raise a Regents grade.

CERTIFICATE OF PRINCIPAL. I hereby certify that the candidate named in this application entered the \_\_\_\_\_

High School in \_\_\_\_\_, completed an approved curriculum, and was graduate

on \_\_\_\_\_

Date of certification \_\_\_\_\_ Signature of principal \_\_\_\_\_

(This section to be filled by the Dean of the College)

Date of admission \_\_\_\_\_ Course \_\_\_\_\_

# HOW TO MAKE A COLLEGE ENTRANCE

*Many apply but few are chosen. It's the wise junior who starts in quest of college acceptance now*

by SUNNA COOPER

From where you sit in Junior Row or even in Senior Sanctum, college looks a long way off, and surely there's no rush yet about deciding where to go, or whether you should try a job in the business world first or head straight for the halls of higher learning. But not so. It is later, graduating girls of '48 and '49, than you think. The big decision about college has to be made soon, or you may have the matter settled for you—and maybe not to your liking.

At one time you could decide to go to college two weeks before college opened, apply for admission, and what's more, get accepted. That was during the war when colleges were begging for applicants, but now it's the applicants who are begging for colleges. It's a case of first come, first served, and past so many (and no more) can't be admitted. This is



RENDERED BY PETER TORY



where the shrewd girl comes in. She's the girl who plans her admission into college as carefully as she makes moves to snare the man of her choice.

It's a known and deplorable fact that every principal in the state can name girls and more girls who waited until their graduation this past June, or just before, to apply for college and were left out in the cold. This needn't happen to you. You have a guidance teacher or grade adviser in your school (unless your principal takes care of the vocational guidance angle, too) who is ready at all times to help you. Go to that teacher for advice. This should be your first step. He'll tell you the college or colleges that are best suited for you. Don't ever wait until you think you've decided "what you want to be when you grow up" to consult your guidance teacher. At the same (Continued on page 60)

# LET'S TALK IT OVER

*Guest Conductors Virginia and Peggy McIntire*



Mrs. McIntire



Peggy

*This month the guest conductors of "Let's Talk It Over" are Peggy McIntire, sixteen-year-old actress featured in RKO's "I Remember Mama," and her mother, Mrs. Virginia McIntire. If you have a problem which you would like discussed in this column in a future issue, write to Alice Barr Grayson, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

I have been very much upset by my parents' constant bickering and threats of divorce. I can't concentrate on my studies and my grades have gone down. What shall I do?

**Mrs. McIntire**—This is a difficult situation for any young girl to face. In order for you to keep up your studies, it would be a good plan for you to try to spend as much time at school as possible. Try to get interested in outside activities in order to keep your mind occupied. Above all, try to understand that your parents may be trying to solve problems of which you have no knowledge.

**Peggy**—I agree with my mother on this. I think, too, you should try to realize that if a divorce is imminent that perhaps it would be for the best.

What can you do if your mother not only forbids you to date a boy but even refuses to meet him?

**Mrs. McIntire**—I think this is a selfish attitude for any mother to take unless she has a legitimate objection to the boy. In all fairness she should certainly meet the boy and then form her own impressions and opinions. The attitude you speak of is unfair both to the boy and her own daughter. Sometimes when young people are not allowed to meet openly in their own homes, they resort to secret meetings, which is bad for everyone concerned.

**Peggy**—I agree with Mother that this is a selfish attitude. You should try to explain to your mother that the boy is nice and see if you can't at least get her to let you invite him to your house. Whatever you do, don't meet him secretly.

When boys are around I become shy and rather bashful and can't think of anything to say. How can I overcome this?

**Mrs. McIntire**—You should make it a point to find out what the boys' interests are, and their likes and dislikes. One of the hardest things to do is to learn to forget yourself. And it's a good thing to keep the fact in mind that other people are often shy and self-conscious inside—even if they appear poised and at ease to you.

**Peggy**—Some of your girl friends are bound to have brothers. Try to mingle with them and learn what they like to talk about. In the give and take of family life, you will learn what boys like to talk about. When you're left alone with them, you can learn to put them at their ease by discussing subjects in which they have an interest.

What can you do when your boy friend's mother insists on going with you on your date with her son?

(Continued on page 59)



## BE FIRST TO PICK VIOLETS

*Deep Purple, Shy Violet, Mouse Pink—and you're the first to wear them in a velvety Gibson Girl skirt!*

*Shorts of Pacific 100% wool Feltblous, styled by Devry, about \$1 each. Cotton Gibson Girl blouse, about \$3 and 50, by Sally Mason.*

*Gold kid leather slippers by Prima or sandals in a short and blouse with a party outfit. Gold kid shoes from Kapp-Newport, Providence.*

*The third model, after Red Murphy, created by Tongue.*

*Shirt and blouse at Bloomingdale's, New York; Lammes', Chatsworth;*

*Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Fleurt, Boston; Foley Bros., Boston; The J. E. Hudson Co., Detroit; Stewart's, Baltimore; F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus; Shillito's, Cincinnati.*

*Sis, Rose & Foster, St. Louis; Strawberry & Cheetah, Philadelphia; Thalhimers', Richmond; and Lansdowne's, Washington.*





The secret of Bill Holden's popularity is that in or out of the movies he's the sort of guy you'd like for a neighbor

# HOLDEN'S ON THE MAP!

by ANITA McGEE

In Eugene, Oregon, a lot of people have renamed Hollywood "Holdentown." It's not because they don't know their geography, either. The rechristening took place recently when Bill Holden was on location in Oregon, making "Rachel" for RKO and winning the affections of the citizenry by his participation in local affairs. To Bill's Oregon friends, the movie capital is now Holdentown.

Regardless of what you call the city of stars, you'll have to agree that Holden's really on the map these days. Since his discharge from the Air Corps, he's quickly roostered back into his pre-war eminence. To enhance his popularity are "Rachel," with Lorene Young and Bob Mitchum; and "The Man from Colorado," in which Bill costars with Glenn Ford.

Tea-colored-haired and blue-eyed, Bill is an American and natural as an ice-cream soda. Born in O'Fallon, Illinois, Bill was scheduled to follow in his father's footsteps and become a chemist. But school theatricals started him on the road to acting. He graduated to the Pasadena Playhouse, and was spotted by a talent scout. A screen test led to his first movie role—the roostered one of the boxer in "Golden Boy." His sensitive portrayal of the violinist turned fighter made him an overnight star.

By all the rules in the book, Bill should have been forgotten by the public during the long years he spent in the Air Corps, working his way up from private to first Lieutenant. After his discharge there was an additional lagoon of nine months until Paramount cast him in "Dear Ruth" as the younger-hungry soldier on leave. But "Dear Ruth" proved that Bill had a flair for comedy and that movie audiences still had a flair for Holden. His ingénue was repeated in "Blaze of Noon," and now with two big pictures in the works, Bill is a busy, happy actor again.

The popularity Bill enjoys among teen-agers is the quiet kind. His fans respect him, think he's like the guy next door, only special. He loves to fish, ride and shoot. Is boyishly proud of his collection of guns and will discuss them avidly, despite his shyness. In real life he's as versatile as he is on the screen. And as "good-natured" too!

The very special place on the map for Holden is Arizona. For it was during the filming of "Arizona" that he married lovely actress Brenda Marshall. Three dashingly handsome sons say they like Arizona, too!

At top—Columbia's Technicolor epic, "The Man from Colorado," pairs Bill as Civil War veteran and Ellen Drew in his arms.

Center—A romantic moment from "Rachel," RKO's romance of the early West. Of course you recognize Bob Mitchum with Bill

Mr. and Mrs. Holden soak up some of that famous California sunshine on the lawn of their home in North Hollywood.



# GET THE HANG OF IT!



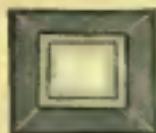
**do**

hang pictures flush to the wall  
and books and wires concealed.



**don't**

permit pictures to tilt forward.  
'That went out in Grandmother's day.'



**do**

let pictures and frames conform with  
the size of the furniture.



**don't**

let a tiny picture do  
the work of a large one!



**do**

attach picture to wall by means  
of hooks placed near top of frame.



**don't**

make the mistake of using ornate  
cord and picture.



This article will give you a  
new perspective on the rights  
and wrongs of picture-hanging

You choose a picture because you like it. It may be the subject of the picture which you enjoy, its composition or perhaps the artist's choice of colors. Selecting a picture is your department, but remember that the wallpaper or color of a room's furnishings play an important part in the picture's effectiveness.

Before hanging pictures, it's wise to arrange them first in the desired position on the wall by having someone hold them in their approximate grouping. Make all your changes now to avoid future trouble.

Each picture should be hung so that its subject is at eye level. Nails and hooks placed near the top of the frame stay out of sight and keep the picture from tilting.

When grouping pictures, choose subjects which are related; and match the pictures in color tones. Never include a vividly colored picture in a group of pastels. You can group photographs, etchings, oils or water colors but frame them somewhat alike.

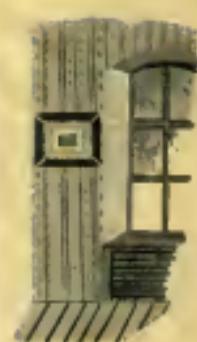
In a broad horizontal space, hang a horizontally framed picture. When the space is vertical, hang vertically framed pictures. Horizontal pictures tend to bring down a high ceiling; vertical pictures send a low ceiling up where it belongs.

Never hang pictures in inconspicuous places. If you're not especially interested in a picture, it's a fairly good indication that it doesn't belong on your wall!

by MAXINE LIVINGSTON, Decorating Editor



**do**  
hang vertically framed pictures  
in narrow wall areas

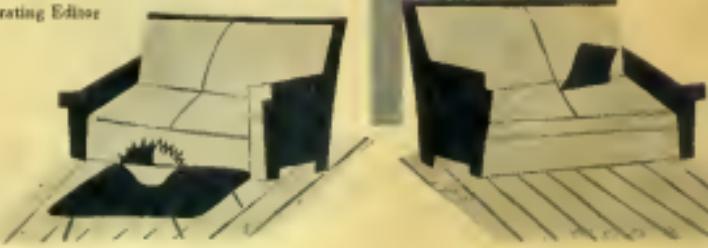


**don't**  
hang one horizontally framed picture  
in a narrow space or on a picture rail

**do**  
line up frames at bottom  
when grouping pictures



**don't**  
group pictures haphazardly.  
They'll bring an instant



E.V. VAIL

# CAG

## Club News

by NANCY PEPPER,  
National Director of the  
CALLING ALL GIRLS Clubs

As we write this, we're just setting out on our Christmas Fashion Show tour, but, by the time you read it, we'll be up to our necks (or, should we say "down to our ankles," because that's almost where our skirts will be!) in Easter shows. But, no matter what this season, our CAG Club Members get more than year share of Fun and Fashion at meetings and shows conducted by your Official Headquarters Staff. Check the Official Headquarters listing in the back of the magazine to see which is the CAG store in your town. If there isn't one, write us and we'll get busy about it. We want you to find out for yourselves how truly wonderful a CAG Club can be!



Yes, it's Robert Mitchum, RKO favorite, who recently guested on the CAG Radio Show. He told our members about his early days as a Western hero, is grateful to you for helping him get places in Hollywood.



Boys bands girl a Cole at the Edsel's 1946 Fashion Clinic in Rochester. The boys who serve the fashion judges voted against this long Gibson shirt, but we hear that they've since changed their minds about it!



Soviet girls at the CAG show conducted by Kirov's, Official Headquarters in Leningrad, Russia were Fay Woolard and Jeanette Bench. They distributed miniature Coca-Cola bottles, and concrete samples.



Here I am at the Fashion Treasure Hunt, conducted by Nelson's, Official Headquarters in Rose, N. Y., at the local YMCA. There was a dance after the show, with a five piece orchestra and a fire contest for excitement.



A jury of boys from an Rochester high school passed judgment on fashion models by members of the CAG Club of Edsel's, our Rochester Headquarters. They picked hooded shorts for football girls.



Milt Tormé, the "Velvet Fog," as he performed for about 2000 CAG Club Members at a show conducted by Kirov-Newark. Did you hear him recently on the Calling All Girls Radio Show? He was terrific!



Grand finale of the CAG Treasure Hunt at Gimbel's, Philadelphia. The lady on the back row is Pearl Bailey of Gimbel's, who presented the trophy. Third from left, in front row is Ruth Hampton, our last May's Cover Girl.



*Invest Christmas money wisely in an expensive-looking dress which leaves you change from a ten-dollar bill.*

Wonderful winter-to-spring open torso by Tammie, with the new look in rounded shoulders. About \$9 at Famous-Barr, St. Louis, and at The Bon Marché, Seattle.

YOUR  
CHRISTMAS  
LOOT  
WELL  
SPENT



EQ GRAHAM

That Gibson glamour in striped cotton with wide belt, long sleeves, part collar. By Josette, about \$10 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; The Higbee Co., Cleveland; and The Empress, San Francisco.



Baron gabardine and checked taffeta combined by Tammie in a pretty-as-a-picture dress for midwinter dating. About \$9 at Gimbels, New York; Philadelphia; and Pittsburgh.

# New Suits for Old



"The New Look" may be good for your glamour, but it's hard on your budget. Here you are with a perfectly good Easter suit from last year, only the longish peplum jacket and the short, skinny skirt are as out of date as last year's minnow. Well, then, eliminate the skirt—and make a brand-new one out of a harmonizing wool plaid or check (we blended brown and tanpease check with the tanpease Shetland pattern). Cut a few inches off the peplum, straighten the sleeves and tack a Peter Pan dickey of the skirt fabric into the neckline. It's easy to make your existing skirt from Simplicity Printed Patterns #2258. Cost 35c, sizes 11 to 16. Twelve inches from the ground is the length to wear your ballerina suit this Easter. Felt derby by Mademoiselle. Cotton Simplicity Patterns from local dealers or send cash to Patterns, Calling All Girls Magazine, 200 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

WILLIAM BENEDICT

Look below, for a series of questions to test that most intangible of qualities—your poise.

Just what is poise? Charming and quick thinking—a natural, friendly attitude toward people—the quality that can make you stand up before strangers and speak clearly and convincingly. With poise, you won't go tongue-tied or—what's worse—giggle on a date. You're free from the embarrassments and confusions that hold so many people back . . . you've mastered the art of being yourself.

A few of the questions below are tricky. You'll have to think hard, and try to visualize yourself in some of the situations we describe. Four points to your credit for every time you come up right.

#### GROUP 1

Have you ever refused to go to a party because most of the crowd were strangers to you?

Are you afraid boys will think you're a grind if you get good marks?

Are you reluctant to double-date with a girl whom you consider more attractive than yourself?

Would you rather have a dress that's more becoming than appropriate?

Are you embarrassed by an occasional brief silence when you're out on a date?

(Score four points for every "no.")

#### GROUP 2

Can you tell an amusing story without laughing until you get to the punch line?

Would you go out with a boy you liked, even if your friends thought he was unattractive?

When things go wrong, do you work hard to change them, rather than just daydream?

Can you listen without interrupting when the crowd discusses people you don't know?

Can you accept a compliment without denying it or turning it into a joke?

(Every "yes" adds four more points to your score.)

#### GROUP 3

Have you ever gone out with a boy you didn't like, because you couldn't think of an excuse for refusing?

Have you ever kept still in class, not because you didn't know the answer, but because you were afraid to recite?

Or refused a date because you didn't have just the right clothes?

Are you ashamed to have people know when you spend a Saturday evening alone?

Ever pretended you didn't see someone, because you couldn't think of what to say? ("No" is the right answer for this group.)

#### GROUP 4

Can you tactfully suggest to a good friend that her outfit or hairstyle is unbecoming?

Can you pass a mirror without secretly stealing a glance?

If you were incorrectly dressed for a party, could you make a brief explanation to your friends, and then forget it?

Do you talk as easily and naturally with older people as with your own friends?

Can you laugh just as hard when the joke's on you?

(These are tough ones, but every "yes" will bring you four more points.)

#### GROUP 5

Does your personality change a little with different people?

Ever stayed out later than you should, just to keep up with the crowd?

Would you accept a bid for a dance from someone you didn't like just for the sake of being "seen"?

When you bring a boy home to dinner for the first time, do you tell your family how to act?

When introducing a crowd of people, do you suddenly forget familiar names?

(Four points for each "no.")

Are you a smooth apple or a

red sack in company?

A social lion or a mouse?

*Test  
Your  
Poise*

by CAROL VANCE

#### HOW'S YOUR SCORE?

If you scored 80 and up . . .

Congratulations! You rate an A on poise, and for good reason. There are few occasions that really throw you. You're probably as natural in the classroom or on a date as you are with your own family.

You're lucky . . . an easy, friendly personality is worth its weight in glamour.

Your score was 60 to 70 . . .

This is just about the average mixture of shyness and poise. A few things get you down, but not too many. Go over the questions and find out which ones bothered you. Some people are shy about certain things—say clothes and appearance—but have plenty of poise about others. Figure out your particular quirk, and get set to change. Oh, oh . . . 56 or below . . .

There's room for improvement. You're fusing over a lot of things that don't honestly matter. Remember that poise can belong to everyone, and time, new friends, new experiences all help. Try taking the last six months from now, and see if you can't "up" that score.

# MOVIE



Gregory Peck doesn't like what Dorothy McGuire tells Dean Stockwell in this dramatic scene from a not-to-be-missed picture



That's no nightmare—that's Cesar Wilder. Though what he is doing in Ginger's compartment, she hasn't the faintest idea



The gang won't let Karolyn join their snowball fight, as angel Grant joins forces with her. Loretta Young, Sara Haden cheer

**GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT** — Nursery-schoolteacher Kathy (Dorothy McGuire) and writer Phil Green (Gregory Peck) fall in love. When Phil starts working on a series of articles on anti-Semitism, Kathy is embarrassed—because for the sake of his story Phil pretends to be Jewish himself. Phil can't make Kathy realize that her passive attitude is furthering anti-Semitism. Blowup comes when Kathy tells him about the "gentleman's agreement," which prevents her from renting her house in the country to Phil's friend, Dave Goldman, a part admirably played by John Garfield. Gregory Peck and Dorothy McGuire give splendid performances. Celeste Holm, as another magazine writer, nails the problem when she condemns people like Kathy who sound off against prejudice but do nothing to combat it. (26th C-Fox)

**IT HAD TO BE YOU**—Although Ginger Rogers, as Vicki, gets as far as the altar three different times and with three different men, she never becomes a bride. Seems she can't utter the fatal "I do." So when Vicki orders a fourth bridal gown, her parents are worried. So is her latest fiancé, Ron Randell. Her friends are laying odds on whether she will or will not get through the ceremony. Her parents, and her fiancé, and her fiancé's parents tell her to make her mind up. Vicki tries. She goes off to Maine, works at her sculpturing, sees no one except the girl who poses for her. The month up, she wires Ron "Yes!" En route to New York she has a nightmare, wakes up to find an Indian in the upper berth. *It Had to Be You* is a farce which pokes fun at the rash of psychological films we have had lately. (Col.)

**THE BISHOP'S WIFE**—Cary Grant plays an angel in his newest picture and he's wonderful. So is the picture. Mr. Grant's angel brings understanding to David Niven, a bishop who thinks his parish needs a huge cathedral, instead of more parishioners to fill the present edifice. Also, the angel brings happiness to the bishop's wife (Loretta Young), his daughter (Karolyn Grimes), his friend (Morley Woolley), his secretary (Sara Haden), his maid (Ella Lanchester), a cab driver (James Gleason). The film bubbles over with good humor and delightful whimsy. Best: when James Gleason, Loretta Young and the angel go ice-skating in Central Park and fly on their skates. The little bits of business are sheer magic; even to life some of them would rob you of the joy of discovering *The Bishop's Wife* for yourself. (Goldwyn-RKO)

# VIEWS

by ANITA McGEE, Movie Editor

**SO WELL REMEMBERED**—American and British artists worked together to produce this memorable film. James Hilton wrote the novel on which the film is based, and his hero is as fine a man as his Mr. Chaps. John Mills is a struggling young editor, who gives up a chance to go to Parliament to stay with his friends and neighbors, who need him to lead their fight for better housing. The dream of his life is to wipe out the slums, in which he was brought up. At the end, although his dream is still unrealized, there are a few things Mills can take pride in. There is a playground for children, a free clinic; a beginning has been made. Martha Scott is overwhelmingly effective as Mills' ruthless and cruel wife. Richard Carlson is her son, Patricia Roc the girl who loves him. Trevor Howard is outstanding as Mills' loyal friend. (Rank, RKO)



Out of Jealousy and pity which he witnesses for her, John Mills can't resist Martha Scott to marry him. She agrees.

**THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE**—"Almost Like Being in Love" might be another title for this movie. Eleanor Parker is a young actress who has an apartment in apartment-hungry New York during the war years. Her best friend (Eve Arden) leaves a no-place-to-put-his-head soldier (Ronald Reagan) on her doorstep, and that's the beginning of a romance that's guaranteed to anyone but a cynic in a scurvy mood. Maybe the fact that Eleanor and Ronald are such nice persons has something to do with the movie's charm. We found their antics enchanting, especially Eleanor's method of making two glasses of milk even. As for the brave sergeant, who jumps in fright when Eleanor knocks the ashtray out of the ash trays in a furious fit of domesticity, we loved him. And Wayne Morris is wonderful as Eve Arden's friend. (Warner)



It's an expensive French restaurant, but the memories it holds are spoiling Eleanor Parker's and Ronald Reagan's night for supper.

**LOVE FROM A STRANGER**—Petite Sylvia Sidney returns to the screen in this Agatha Christie mystery. As Cecily Harrington, who won a fortune through a sweepstakes prize at the turn of the century, Sylvia is courted by a handsome-in-a-sinister-way stranger (John Hodiak). Any girl in her right mind would have suspected something, but Cecily marries him, forsaking her faithful if dull suitor, John Howard. You can guess what will happen, can't you? But, as you watch Miss Sidney pull the play together, you forget that you know what's coming, because she makes it all so plausible. Mr. Hodiak makes a good villain, and creates the desired effect of mounting terror. As Sylvia's friend, who tips off Scotland Yard, Ann Richards is serenely pretty. The well-known actor, Richard Wheel, directed this thriller. (Eagle-Lion)

Sylvia Sidney has just committed adultery, pointing to her husband as a murderer. But, during, how could you be used? ▶



# beauty BUY-words

With Old Man Winter a deadly reality, many a gal's beauty has those winter-time blues. We've shopped for some cold weather beauty aids and added one for sheer glamour. You'll find our suggestions listed below and others throughout the magazine. Prices are approximate and taxes not included.

For lip glossiness, no matter what it's weather, acquire the habit of running *Herb's Chap Stick* over your smile several times a day. Moistened with marsh and solvent dry, parched skin and the stick fits nicely into your purse. Won't break the bank either at 25¢. At drug and department stores everywhere.



Smooth, red and supple hands are never far back, so wear yours to generous doses of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream for that white as the-driven-snow look. Handsome, new dressing-table bottle adds a dividend of more lotion than ever before of this all-time favorite. \$1.00 at Sanger Bros., Dallas, Texas.

► To perk up a weather-worn complexion, try using Dafford Special Cleansing Preparation for a radiant, new look. This gentle meal-milk cleanser sloughs off dryness, removes surface blackheads and blemishes due to clogged pores. Your skin will take on a truly smooth glow. \$1.00 May Company, Denver, Colorado.



Nothing could be finer when you have the sniffles than a dry shampoo for talkative looks. Our nomination goes to Maspac, a scented powder that removes hair in 10 seconds with no rinsing and fusin', leaves curl upward in a very swish way. And curled fringe, you know, creates the illusion of bigger, brighter eyes. \$1.00 Filene's, Boston, Mass.



## DIAMOND IN THE SNOW

(Continued from page 27)

Ward shrugged. "Well . . . perhaps . . . it might be rather foolish."

Nervously, Karen tried to change the conversation's direction. "You're going with us, aren't you—gentlemen?" She stumbled over the last word.

Ward mumbled something about having some business of his own at the lodge. Stevens shook his head and said, "I'd like to, but I think I'll stay here and take a few practice runs on the mystery slopes."

"But you don't need practice!" Karen exclaimed, thinking what an excellent skier he was. "Of course, it's up to you."

"That may," Per was fretting. "It was in my pocket last night when I left that fake ski pole went in." He stopped just as then, seeing the faces of both Ward and Stevens turned toward him, no reciprocally. Per parked his chair back, his glace sweeping over Bert and Betty, Maude and Uncle Charlie. "If everybody's ready, let's go."

To be outside was like escaping into another world, Karen reflected, as she sauntered along behind Per and her uncle. The once pleasant lodge was crowded with the distinguishing presence of Ward and Stevens. Why had Stevens called Ward "Mr. W" and spoken in that knowing voice? Were they both involved in the mysterious doings, each trying to beat the other? If only . . .

Karen sighed. Wishful thinking would get her nowhere. She saw that they had covered over a mile and stopped, realizing that she could no longer hear Bert and Betty chattering behind her. They were not following at all! "Wait," she called up to Per, her uncle, and Maude, who were sking several rods ahead. "We've lost Bert and—"

A cry cut across her words. Betty.

Immediately, the group skied back toward the voice, coming from below a small ridge.

Karen leaped to a stop beside the figure huddled in the snow. It was Bert. Betty was standing over him, crying.

"Bert broke his leg!" Betty wailed above Bert's groans. "He caught sight of someone sking toward Sunshine Pass. He turned off too fast trying to take after the man."

Bert spoke through clenched teeth. "It was Stevens. And he had three poles!"

Per's glance darted toward Sunshine and then back to Bert. "Uncle Charlie, you know how to make a traction splint out of ski poles. I'll rig up a splinting by lashing Bert's skin together. Grit your teeth, pal," he told Bert, and they'll get you down this slope to the lodge in no time."

"Grit?" Karen said. "What about you?" Grinly, Per said, "I'm going to truss after Stevens. You know what that third pole of his was don't you?"

Karen nodded, the picture coming clear. But the diamonds were safe in Uncle Charlie's money belt, so what did he want with the empty pole? Why take it to Sunshine Pass?

"Maybe he's trying to get away with the evidence," Maude suggested as she helped Uncle Charlie with the splint.

Per was about through lashing the skis together when he looked up at Karen. "Hadn't somebody better ski as ahead to the lodge and call the Ski Patrol? They've got the proper equipment. Is case this is a bad break."

(Continued on page 48)

"C'mon...serve those snaps  
up faster!"

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it does the rest. That's why it's America's favorite film  
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The square border of this chessboard consists of 100 squares, 50 being black and 50 white, in which the chess pieces are placed.

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## **DAMOND IN THE SHOW**

Comment from page 45)

"I'll go," Karen volunteered. She hesitated. "Please—please be careful."

"Being careful hasn't got us very far," he said tightly. "From now on, I'm in favor of exploding this whole business so we can save some people."

There was no time for arguing. Karen tore her shirt a part, heading for the small shelter that was Superintendent Lodge far in the distance. The dark clouds were lower now, threatening. "Low ceiling," she thought, and remembered the plane down the road that seemed to be the direction of Super Lake. Another question mark. She walked neatly among the trees and then, the cleared part of the slope, shot down hill speed, losing herself in the exhilarating run back to the lodges.

Even before she opened the door to the edge, she knew that it was deserted, that only Stevens had gone but Ward as well. As she went toward the wall telephone, a noise rattled under the floorboards. The noise made her jump. Still, she was glad it was not Ward. Especially Ward, with his sulky face and small, gloomy eyes. She rang the San Patric headquarters, San Joaquin Pass, then she went to the window to watch for the others.

It was then that she saw the tracks going toward the woods following the same general direction of the tracks made by the man who had sent the snow toppling. The tracks waddled slightly, showing where the man had slipped back under unexpected load. "Ward?" It couldn't be anyone else. But was it not of him to start out for Snowball without some threatening?

A fine beginning for Uncle Charlie's skit if a man were killed right at the outset! She could see the newspaper headlines. Worse than that, she could see Wild suffer along in some melancholy rapture. No sister who he was or what he was up to, he could scarcely sit here idly, letting his mind mislead. The host had their hands full, and if she didn't go, Uncle Charlie would insist on trying, and he was too old to take another hard trip up those slopes.

"I can soon round a lot," she said aloud. "And then I'll have something to report if the base is off the Ski Patrol. In fact help

He strapped on her skis and winched the lower Cloud shapes for the group she had left. Relaxed, she saw them coming slowly from the nearest rise. Then they were lost again close as they swung forward and upward behind the stalks. Sure we might be again lost but she was not worried. Ward was so clumsy that it shouldn't be difficult for him to ascertain his mistake.

Even his tough, experienced legs began to ache as he doggedly followed the man's erratic trail upward. He seemed to have no sense of direction at all. In fact, he had lost his course as Snowshoe almost another. At this rate, he thought, he'll end up miles away at Lost Lake. The snow is growing worse now, the wind snatching her breath and pushing at her shoulder. With a very smile, the began to make hasty to block the unfamiliar trail.

She had reached a deep ravine and was working hard to pack up Ward's trail gear.

Figure 10 shows the effect of the ratio  $\alpha$  on the



## ACROSS

- 1 He played in "The Chase"
- 2 He played in "Carnegie Hall"
- 3 He played in "Wild Harvest"
- 4 *arrow*
- 5 Metalloids materials
- 6 Softer substance
- 7 Young goat
- 8 Musical note
- 9 Close by
- 10 Franklin
- 11 Type measure
- 12 Bone
- 13 Let fall
- 14 Sun god
- 15 Calculate
- 16 Most painful
- 17 Pertaining to the East Indies
- 18 Tire
- 19 Fox
- 20 One
- 21 Taxes
- 22 Sordid person
- 23 Negative term
- 24 Neglected
- 25 Solar
- 26 From
- 27 Continued by
- 28 Pine tree plantation
- 29 Legume seed
- 30 Hemispheres
- 31 Berths
- 32 Carpenter's tool
- 33 Irish
- 34 Polosman
- 35 Exhalation of distress
- 36 Staged
- 37 Bureaucrat device
- 38 All right
- 39 Woman's garment
- 40 Black
- 41 Part of the verb to
- 42 God's name
- 43 God's name
- 44 Great Lakes
- 45 Halibut
- 46 He played in "Northwest Passage"
- 47 She played in "Lured"
- 48 She played in "Under the Clouds"

## NOTES

She played in "Broadway"  
 Wednesday's nod  
 December  
 Musical note  
 Poisneal edition  
 Stage  
 Vase  
 Square  
 Russian colors  
 Behold  
 Friend's comment  
 Previous case  
 He played in "Variation From Murray's"  
 Babylonian god  
 One who chooses  
 Sanctus  
 Walked  
 Those who are for  
 To ride on the wing  
 Measure of cloth  
 Man's name  
 He played in "Angel on My Shoulder"  
 Sosa  
 Get up now  
 Writing instrument  
 Scotch cap  
 Anna  
 She played in "Her Husband's Affairs"  
 Having definite aims  
 Tremor  
 Buddies  
 Sarcasm  
 Short vital fluid  
 Objective case of "I"  
 Fathoms  
 He played in "The Hacketts"  
 Made public  
 Medieval cigarette ingredients  
 Greek letter  
 Girl's name  
 Finished  
 He was in "Secret Life of Walter Mitty"  
 With  
 Nothing  
 Self  
 Yes  
 Overhead trash  
 Endorsement of

# ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE



Bill Elliott is a favorite hero in B-MOVIES. In his latest, he's a cattle town sheriff who's forced into a position that's tested nearly his limit. Try it. You'll glimpse in each bottle!

**ROYAL CROWN COLA**  
Best by taste-bud



with a cry of triumph she bent down, pausing at the pattern in the snow on the abrupt decline. "Bathubs?" Ward bent over, shuffling down on his back, ploughing a rugged trough in his wake. The "bathubs" were scarcely touched by the new user. He could only a short distance ahead.

Determinedly, she shied along the "bath-tub trail," swooping down into the gleaming cove. Then, warily and painfully, she followed the new path where he had sidestepped up the other side of the ravine. "If I can't see her from the top, that's that," she panted. With a final spurt of energy she came clear of the cove and stood in the full rush of the wind, shading her eyes against the dazzling sun.

There was a startled groan at her elbow. Karen wheeled. "What a rouse you gave me!" she exclaimed, pointing toward Ward.

Then she stopped, seeing the paper fluttering in his hands. "Per's map?" So he had stolen it from Per's pocket! Anger flushed her face. Then she drew back, realizing that Ward had seen her and that the look in his eyes was not one of welcome.

"Where are the others?" he demanded, with fire in his voice.

She shook her head, grimly. "I followed you along. I was afraid you'd be—hurt."

He slipped the map into his pocket and smiled, a smile as cold as the blade of a knife. "I'm glad you came. It's nice to have company the rest of the way to Lost Lake."

"Lost Lake? I thought it was Snow Lake."

"You think lots of things wrong, mousy. You and that Norwegian boy friend of yours. Oho, I can't wait. Get going."

"But I . . ." The words died in her throat. What an sight she had been to put herself in this defenseless position, face to face with a man whose every action should have warned her of the danger. Financially, she tried to think of a way to escape. If she could get a ski off and hurl it at him. Her hand moved down her side.

"That won't do!" he snapped. Something glared in his glazed hand, its cold marble staring at her. An instant.

"Get going," he repeated.

"Listen!" she cried, trying to distract his attention. "Don't that someone calling—to the south?"

He turned, alone in his face. At the same instant she thrust a ski pole deep into the snow beside her, leaping only the halo and up above, the tip pointing like an arrow toward Lost Lake.

Tricky, eh?" he snarled, prodding her with the gun. He didn't see the ski pole.

Karen shied silently ahead. What if he were only taking her deeper

into the mountains to make the gun on her there? Lost Lake. The name drummed in her brain. The place. That was the direction in which the plane had seemed to be flying. Oh, if only Per or Uncle Charles or someone would use the bushes she had broken. If only they could pick up her trail before the snow buried it completely. And would they get the message of the ski pole? Or would they never get that far at all—or then too late? Had Ward talked about Stevens deliberately to mislead anyone who had been listening? And where did Arthur Stevens fit in?

Through all her spinning thoughts came the heavy gasp of Ward's breath at her back, mingling with the bitter gusts of wind. Useless to try to lead him away. He had the map. Anyway, she was now utterly confused herself. Confused and helpless.

"To the right," Ward barked finally.

Snapping with impatience, Karen came to see the rock ridge ahead of them, its legs and root almost invisible under the sheltering conifers. A door opened at Ward's triple knock and a pale-eyed, bearded man stood squatting at them. The pale eyes went over her, then to Ward.

"What's the girl doing here?" the man demanded.

Ward shoved her inside. "She came libberdaring after me, boss," Ward explained. "She's the old man's raven." He drew back under the other's screeching stare. "I couldn't help it, Holmes. Anyhow, it won't be hard to get rid of her if that's what you're worried about." As though to show off to the man called Holmes just how easy Karen was to handle, he strode to her and seized one of her wrists. "Come on, mister. There's a nice place in this back room for you."

The grip was like iron and when she tried to twist free, her flesh burned. Karen's impulsive was to scream, but only the wind

would hear her. She clenched her teeth while Ward dragged her into a cubby-hole adjoining the main room and wound a coarse thong around her hands. Then the crude door slammed behind him and she found herself alone.

Fighting back the tears, Karen tried to think through her panic. How many hours had passed since she had left the lodge? Where was Per? Where was Stevens? She could hear the men talking in muffled tones at first, then Holmes' voice rising in anger. For minutes, she tried to pull her aching hands free of their bonds but it was useless. If only she could get closer to their voices, at least. As soundlessly as possible, she slid down off the bench Ward had shoved her onto, and crawled toward the door, putting her ear against the wood.

"They're hot on our trail, Holmes," Ward was speaking. "There've been five operators taking me. I thought I was in the clear when I grabbed a train for Spokane, thinking I could reach you from there. Could I help it if the train schedules were changed?"

"Fool!" Holmes screeched. "You should have had less."

"We'll all be laying low in pad, unless the plane landed here last night."

"It landed. Jenkins brought in a mine of rocks," Holmes' chair scraped. Henry booted past the floor. "What and you're excited about, Whipple? They're an audience."

Whipple. Was that why Stevens had called Ward 'Mr. W.'? Operations, Ward had and Detectors were called that.

Ward's voice was panting. "That's just it. They do have evidence. That pole you lost is the shade. I used to get it for a young Norwegian these caught me at it."

Ward was up and walking the floor now too. "We got to get the plane going out of here. Where's Johnson? If he made it through the storm, he can make it out."

Karen heard the door creak open and Ward yell outside. Another man's voice answered faintly from the direction of the lake.

"What about the girl?" Holmes demanded sharply.

Ward snorted. "Simple as anything. We take her along, gun her a nice ride over the mountains and then let her out—without a parachute."

"That's murder," Holmes said.

"What do you want—stamps?"

Karen shrank back against the wall, her spine crumpling with fear. Shady the grumpy wolf had got back to the lodge long ago to find her missing. And if only Per had come back, too. He would find her. Per wouldn't let them kill her.

(To be concluded)

## UTTERLY FANTASTIC SITUATION #17



"I thought I'd look cute in pink, ergandy, but Mother wanted on the black stepin'-up again."

GAO BY JOANNE DwyER, WADSWORTH, OHIO

Send us your suggestions for an Utterly Fantastic Situation. If it's selected, our artist will draw the cartoon and you'll get \$1. No gags can be acknowledged or reprinted.

# TRUE OR FALSE?



Crochet your mittens in hobo nail design.

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### Most girls have 4 or 5 "calendar days" a month!

men. With most girls the menstrual period lasts 4 or 5 days. But it's perfectly normal if your period should last a few days more or less. The duration varies from girl to girl. There is no set rule.

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shoved a piece of paper in front of me. I wrote my name—"Bill Stevens"—in bold, flourishing, and definitely distinctive script. I added, "Yvonne Hamilton." I encircled each letter of her name as I wrote it. In parentheses I added, "(boldly)." I made the dots on the Ts like little hearts and carefully added a seven-petaled daisy under Yvonne's name. "Sonja is my lucky number and, besides, that way it comes out, 'She loves me!'"

I began to realize that the salesman was watching me curiously.

"I'll take it, Yvonne," I said breathily.

He wrapped the pen up, gathering boldfaced, as if he thought he was honoring a woman. As I walked on, I saw out of the corner of my eye that he kept looking back and forth from me to the piece of paper. Finally he just wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and left the paper there.

"Now there's a man with good taste," I said to myself. "Why shouldn't he display it when everyone can see it?" I pictured my graceful flowing handwriting, the capably-looking script, the way I made my 'H's that Yvonne thought were "cute."

I thought about Yvonne. Her nose, short and straight and delicate. Her cheeks, soft and smooth, with just a hint of rosy pink. A piece of lace on one of the counters was just the color of her cheeks. I touched it. It was soft, feminine, romantic—just like Yvonne.

"May I help you, young man?"

"Huh?" I looked again and discovered that the lace was attached to a pair of pink, lacy stockings.

"No thanks," I responded, blushing.

I wondered what Yvonne would say if she saw our names written there, together. Then I remembered a conversation I'd overheard between her and some other girl.

"And on the way home Jack carved our initials in the street car," the other girl had said dreamily.

"I don't see what's so romantic about that," Yvonne said. "It always just seems sort of cheap to me."

"Oh, don't say that, Yvonne! Haven't you any romance in your soul? Why, just think. Jack's come and gone together will be an everlasting forever—well, anyway, until they get new street cars . . ."

"Well, I especially don't think much of any fellow who puts my name where everyone who goes past sees it," Yvonne finished. "After all, I still have my self-respect."

"Among other things," I said to myself. I thought of her short waist, her legs, which were—stunning—handsome! (I'd next to the window during her gym class.)

"What girl doesn't know won't have her," I convinced myself. And surely it couldn't hurt her reputation any for people to know I was crazy about her. Well, anyway, she was hardly likely to see the "Bill Stevens loves Yvonne Hamilton (boldly)." Not in a city of two hundred fifty thousand.

Just to reassure myself, I looked over toward the stationery counter—and choked on my Adam's apple.

Yvonne and another girl were approaching the counter.

I leaned on a mannequin in a purple dress for support.

"I forgive you, pardon," the mannequin said brightly and stride was, dragging behind her a little boy who looked at me like he thought I was crazy. I抢救ed like a jet-propelled kangaroo toward the girls, knocking a stack of popcorn out of another little boy's hands.

"Uh, hello, Yvonne," I said casually grabbing them both by the shoulders and whirling them around toward me.

"Oh-h-h! Why, hello, Bill. Goodness, you nearly sweep me off my feet—literally." She smiled and I was hypnotized.

"Uh, well, how about a color?" I said. "You know, I added generously to the other girl, whom I'd never seen before.

"Well, I don't know," Yvonne looked at the other girl. "I read not today, Bill. It's getting late and Betty Jean and I have a lot of shopping to do." She smiled again. "I have to get some stationery," she said.

My paragraph was still in plain sight.

"Stationery? Gosh! Stationery? Well, gosh, they have some swell stationery at the store up the street."

## Te a Wallflower

by Ira Fox Brown (Age 17)

There you sit, childly,  
Little dressing room that I  
Was planning, boldly,  
To ask you to be my  
Partner in the next dance.

Had your eyes twinkled  
A few bits more brightly;  
And your laugh shaded  
At least faint and lightly—  
I'd have been in a trance.

But you sat there so sadly  
That I turned about,  
And seeking a chair, glibly  
Set that dance out.

The clerk glared at me slyly.

"Yvonne's, really, particular though," Betty Jean explained. "It has to be pink with seven-petaled clusters on it."

"Seven's my lucky number," Yvonne said, "and that way it comes out 'She loves me!'" She turned around. "See you, Bill," she said over her shoulder. She smiled again, leaving me powerless to move.

"Why, look here, Yvonne!" Betty Jean exclaimed as she caught sight of it.

"Bill Stevens loves Yvonne Hamilton (boldly)." "Oh-h-h!" Yvonne began shyly and ended with a gasp.

This time my heart and my Adam's apple changed places and I took off in the other direction, jumping over a little girl and falling behind two fat ladies.

I sat down on the floor and tried to get my head to function normally.

"Is something wrong, young man?" one of the fat ladies said helpfully. "Is there something I can do for you?" She was a sweet, motherly-looking woman who undoubtedly had twelve boys my age of her own.

"Do?" I said, getting up. "Yeah, do you

happen to have a seven-petaled daisy on you? Pink, with long black hate and mysterious eyes, and . . ."

She seemed to wonder for a moment whether I had been bitten by a snake or had escaped from a red house. Then, she suddenly turned and left.

At the dance store I drew out my sermons in four shiny Colors.

It couldn't happen, I told myself. Two hundred fifty thousand people, hundreds of stores, thousands of counters, three hundred and sixty-five days, and Yvonne had to stay at the stationery counter in Toller's today.

I ordered another Color. Let's think this through, I told myself. In the first place, she might not get mad at all. But that "OK" had sounded awfully shocked and she had voiced her opinion about public display of affection. I ordered two more Colors.

In the second place, I told myself weakly, she might not recognize my handwriting. I thought of the scribbles Toller wrote—oh, that were bold, distinctive writing, the "color" way I made the "H" in "Hamilton."

I lowered my eye and ordered another Color. In the third place, maybe she never had given a hang about me. Maybe she'd had a date for the dance for the last week. Never thought. Not that that mattered now.

As my eyes wandered vaguely around the store since, I saw a beautiful bunch of long, black, wavy hair. Oh—no! Fate must be completely against me today. I finished my Coke in one gulp, skipping it on my ice, threw a half dollar on the counter, and had behind a post a few feet away from Yvonne and Betty Jean. Of course they would be talking about me, I thought, and I might as well have the word now.

Yvonne was giggling. "Bill Stevens loves Yvonne Hamilton (boldly). Don't you think he's awfully good-looking, Betty Jean, even if he is a little crazy? He's so funny—especially when he gets nervous and his hair gets mussed up and he utters his no's."

I yanked indignantly at my tie and tried to brush some of the hair out of my eyes.

"And Ira, Betty Jean, Jerry asked me to the dance and I turned him down because I've been hoping Bill would ask me. He's one of those people you can't tell about, and I hardly dared hope he'd want to take me to a big dance, but—well, it just must have been he that wrote this, but I certainly can't imagine why." She looked at a piece of paper in her hand and smiled. "That's all the more reason why I'll pass it if he doesn't ask me." She smiled that fascinating smile again and sighed.

I went into another store more and ordered a chocolate milk. Inside there "Jerry" obviously referred to Jerry Phillips, who was just about the most drowsy ever boy in the city, according to all the barbers I've overheard. I decided to put off asking Yvonne until the day before the dance. Let her worry a little. After all, I'm a man of distinction. Not just anyone.

I took out my red pen with green and brown spots and wrote "Bill Stevens loves Yvonne Hamilton (boldly)" on three napkins. I put a seven-petaled daisy under Yvonne's name each time. "Sonja is my lucky number and it comes out, 'She loves me!'"

have a good time. Just remember to act as ultra-ultra, as you look. And no you talk, please. Remember, you are with men of twenty-two, not boys of seventeen?"

"Don't worry about me, Cyn. I go to the movies. I can be old and worldly too."

The ringing of the doorbell interrupted and as she took one final look out the mirror, she murmured, "This is it, I guess."

Walking down the stairs, she tried to glower crustily at her date. He was not as good-looking as Tempe, but Nancy thought he was someone enough to be called a very popular date. How terribly different from Phil he was! How glad she was to be going out with someone older, more experienced. She knew she would have a good time.

Of course she didn't have anything in common with Bob, she realized after the banal conversation had brought them to a standstill. She couldn't tell him about the new Goodman record she had just bought. But after all, why should she want to talk about those things, when she was trying to categorize them? There must be other topics they could meet on. After all, she was intelligent, too.

The party was at Jean Flanigan's house. As they walked in the door, Nancy's skin got caught in her anxiety, causing her to trip. Perhaps no one had noticed. Oh, but Bob had. His eyes clearly said, "You clumsy child, what a fool you've made of me!" Phil would have laughed and treated her in ease of tension. But with Bob it was different.

Once inside, the excitement of meeting Cynthia's friends made her forget the slightly unpleasant incident. Jean, the hostess, coaxed, "Why, this can't be little Nancy, Cynthia's kid sister. Oh, how grownup you look, dear!" Nancy cringed. She was probably annoyed at having someone at her party who was not one of her own crowd.

Nancy wanted to run. How silly—she'd she wanted to run! The band began playing and couples drifted onto the floor. She regaled her companion as Bob asked her to dance. Only then did she realize that her dancing was not like, nor as good as, Bob's. She was a typical teenager—"never play a record if it isn't rock" had been her motto. Her and the gang's. She wished now that they were here. They would make her feel relaxed and natural.

"Doggie, pardon me—my fault." That was the third time their feet had become intermeshed. And it was her fault. He was also and palms about it; but placing up at him, she saw him, diagonally looking about the room. Looking for somebody to cut, but nobody will, she thought.

"Having a good time, Nancy?" He was smiling at her now, smiling at the flute baby. Do you like your green and pink lightning, that's what he should have asked me, she thought? A bright new lightning for a good little girl who was tired of her other toys. But though little girl sounded her rays back—she had named the lightning and she didn't like it, and she wanted her toys.

Later, much later, when she had stepped out of the "sophomore" black dress and had flung herself onto her bed exhausted, she began to turn over in her mind the things that had happened that evening. Why hadn't she had a good time? Why? Was she really

as young and naive as Cynthia's friends seemed to think, or was it just that they remembered her in days when she was young and naive? Would she have been any more glamorous and alluring if the people at the party hadn't known her before? Why can't I grow up? she thought. Do I always have to be with Phil and the gang, and act just as young and crazy as they do?

And then suddenly she began to understand, to see that Phil and the rest were not always going to be as they *now* were. That Cynthia and her friends had all gone through the same stage. It was natural. It was right. And in a few years Nancy would look at Phil and the others and be

surprised, surprised because they had grown up and were as smooth and as charming as Bob and Tommy and Cynthia were.

She reached up and turned out the light, content and happy now, no worried because she was too young for Cyn's crowd, but glad because she had her own crowd. She would be one of them, just as she had always known, until the time came for them all to change, all together.

Her door opened a crack. "Have a good time?" Cynthia's voice whispered.

"Oh yeah, fine time, Cyn. Let's talk about it tomorrow, huh? I used my sleep, 'cause the gang is coming over early to start that new James record I just bought."

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# RECORD RATERS

by LEE MORSE, Record Editor

## INTRODUCING GORDON MacRAE



When you set out to be a success it helps to have two strings in your bow. Like a rich baritone plus acting ability. Those are two reasons why Gordon MacRae's coming along so fine. Books, stage, recordings, and now he's signed up with Hollywood, too. So here's a few blank pages in your Muttles scrapbook to hold the many more press clippings coming up.

"Mac" (and if you're less accrossing the last half of his name, don't)—the Mac gets no full share) didn't realize he was a double-decker talent when, after finishing at De- field Academy seven years ago, he set out for New York on a "Broadway or Bust" inferno. He meant to make his mark as an actor.

But when he joined the cast of the Mill Pond, L. I., Playhouse, two things happened. His fellow actors enjoyed his off-stage singing so much they encouraged him to do something about it. And he met Sheila Stevens, one of the cast.

"She didn't like me," Gordon MacRae says. (P.S. She doesn't. She's been Mrs. Mac for six years.) But she joined in telling him to give his voice a chance.

Some advice his father had given him years ago.

"When you feel like singing, sing," his father told him one time when he heard Gordon giving out with the melody as he

came down the street. "No matter where you are, people like to hear it."

So when he left Mill Pond for Radio City—the grand tourists around NBC studios—that's what Gordon MacRae did. Now and again he'd go off by himself where he wouldn't bother anyone and let that voice go!

Result: He was surprised, he was hustled off to see Horace Hecht, he was signed as featured vocalist with Hecht's dance band. He toured with Hecht until September, 1942, when he was signed for the part of Tommy Arnsdorf in "Jumbo Man" on Broadway.

When Frank Sinatra left his CBS announcing program to go into a commercial show, Gordon MacRae was chosen to replace him. Didn't last long, though—he'd volunteered for the Army Air Corps and they whisked him off to be a second lieutenant, carrying the lead navigational plane for a Troop Carrier Command unit.

Back on civilian life again, he returned to his CBS program and then went to the Broadway musical, "These to Make Ready," where he had the singing lead. Followed—his "Teen Times" program over NBC, and a CBS show called "Tributehouse 42."

This past summer he began recording for Capitol Records. Mac likes to sing the old standards, he says, and you'll always find them among his recordings. For instance, there's "I Understand," coupled with "I Still Get Jealous," "Body and Soul" with "A Fellow Needs a Girl." Among his newer ones are "Just One More Chance," "I Surrender, Dear," "I'm Yours," and "At the Candlelight Cafe."

When we talked with him up on the Capitol studios he had just returned from Hollywood, where he had signed a seven-year contract with Warner Brothers, and was making plans to move his family west. The MacRaes have two daughters, Meredith, who is three and a half, and Heather Alison, who just graduated in a one-circus cake. "Family" to Gordon MacRae also means Custer, the King Charles spaniel, and Butch, the cat. He has high hopes of finding a lovely spot to build on out in Hollywood, and that house is going to be a real home.

## MUSICAL RAINBOW

Colors of the rainbow are favorite song topics, and there are many popular song titles that mention a color. See if you can get a perfect score on this quiz. I'll give you the color, you name the song.

Blue ——————

Green ——————

Brown ——————

Red ——————

Purple ——————

Black ——————

Like ——————

(Answers on page 581)

## I RECOMMEND TO YOU . . .

*Freddie Chapman, His Story and His Music*, narrated by the familiar voice of Arnold Moss (Wex), was recorded especially for teen-agers. Besides being musically instructive, this album is interesting and very beautiful.

Ask Duke Ellington, Sonja Henie, or Mel Tormé these famous pieces of music and the answer will automatically be, "Daphne and Chloe." That's their version of Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé*, Suite One which the San Francisco Symphony has recorded (RCA-Victor). This is an album the whole family will enjoy for a long time.

If you've heard *The Whistler*, a mystery show on the radio, you'll recognize the whistled themes recorded on the (Capitol) disc of the same name. Sam Donahue gives the new name a catchy arrangement, backed by the famous Indian song *Red Wing*.

If you're a Jimmy Durante addict, you'll know that he's the only one around today who could be *The Guy Who Found The Last Cheryl* (MGM). This platter is a typical Durante and delightful. Play it when you have the gang over for an evening.

Some days ago, four very fine pianists banded together to become America's First Piano Quartet. RCA Victor has signed, sealed, and finally delivered the quartet playing the *Second Mungo's Rhapsody* on two sides of a twelve-inch disc. The Rhapsody is played with fire and glee and is thoroughly enjoyable platter material.

*Put That Peace Pipe* is a novelty that's going to set your ears on fire. It's tricky, it's catchy, it's nutty. Bertie Bass, England's gift to the States (ask the fellows about that!) gives the melody and lyrics the right swing and sway and assures RCA-Victor a sure-fire hit.

**ADDED ATTRACTIONS.**  
*Intervista and Laura*—Paul Weston and Orchestra (Capitol)  
*They're Mine, They're Mine and I Told Ya I Loved You*—The Soft Wings (Majestic)

*Two Loves Have I and I Never Loved Anyone*—Perry Como (RCA-Victor)  
*Those Things Money Can't Buy and Now We Tell Me—Me King Cole Trio* (Capitol)

*Civilization and Those Things Money Can't Buy*—Roy McKinley (Majestic)  
*A Time For Happiness and My Blue Heaven*—Eddy Howard (Majestic)



## WHAT SINISTER SECRETS LURKED in the SHADOWS of THUNDERBOLT HOUSE?

What grim fate awaited its new occupants? What was behind the bloodstain on the bathroom floor? Were the "Dixies" Abbotts really lucky, or were they all destined to inherit doom as well as fortune?

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#### THUNDERBOLT HOUSE

by Howard Pease

A legal black minister with a past as grim as the fate of the Abbotts — and a past that is the stuff of a gripping tale packed with suspense.

It chillingly describes the actions of a brash 16 year old who defied the future in a brawling mystery.

#### HILL-DOWN FOR ACTION

by Armstrong Sperry

The dense, dark jungles of the unexplored valleys of Guatemala are enough to trap most, while man-hunting Indians and their uncompromising savagery are not.

It is a fast-moving adventure tale, battle jeep, audience motivator, a courageous quest and the proving motif that nothing is too far out of the mind exciting stories ever told.

#### HAUNTED AIRWAYS

by Howard Pease

Mystery and thrills in the deliciously fatal Southwest passenger airplane, rocket ship hunting through space, buried ships, paper airplanes, hot air balloons, and the like — are the series of exciting adventures.

Read how Jeff Donahue, youthful holder of all the record-the-world speed records solves the mysterious puzzle of the missing passengers and uncovers the secrets of the Space Bound in the world of 1950.

#### THE BRAVE DAYS OF BENDWICK

by Auguste Hirsch

The huge brass keys conspicuously carried by the successful, elderly, determined old man — he held the secret of the strange, weird past and solved the mystery of the puzzling present.

Andrea, a young art student leaves America to uncover the mystery of a place of houses filled with valuable artifacts.

#### THE FRONT PAGE MYSTERY

by Dorothy Dwan

Only a newspaperman could have written this thriller which has the city newspaper as its great background, the state of Massachusetts and Boston as a reporter of high experience. He has woven a tapestry of mystery and suspense which sets young Bob Martin in the center of a number of exciting scenes.

With nothing like it's place or atmosphere, he becomes the victim of strange happenings. Arson, mysterious disappearances and other crimes pile up in quick succession.

#### THE GRAND COULEE MYSTERY

by David Fulton

A young man's ambition is thwarted by the cruel murder of his grandfather and the theft of a fortune paid by the government for the right to build the Grand Coulee Dam. From the moment he finds that his adopted, but homesick, brother is behind the dam project and is involved in an even greater mystery.

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## THE NIGHT, THE GIRL AND THE JALOPY

(Continued from page 2)

before she could launch into the scolding he half expected, Barry quickly unfolded a large roll of paper drawings with which his pocket had been holding.

"Here are the plans, Mom," he said excitedly. "Look what she'll be like when I—"

"Silly," his mother said. "I can't see in the dark. Come on in the kitchen and show me. You know Missouri."

While his mother poked into pan on the stove, Barry unfolded several pieces of blueprint paper, laid them pencil down and spread them lengthwise across the top of the kitchen table. His mother came and bent over his shoulder to look. He didn't really expect her to understand. Parents were usually unimaginative. But he hoped the enthusiasm in his voice might carry more than his inadequate drawings did. Though she might not be able to see the finished product as he did, she might possibly catch on to how much the thing meant to him. To see his own car at last! And what a load!

"You see," he crooned happily, "there's where the better goes. The radio goes. And this is the aerial. And look at the fenders. Aren't they dillies?"

"Dillies, indeed," she agreed. "It has possibilities, as they say about houses, but there will be a great deal of work to do. And what?" she asked, "in particular regarding this so-called car you have accomplished making it into a car, which seems doubtful to my dull mind?"

Barry folded up his drawings unhappily. It was useless, you couldn't make them see. But he'd show them yet, he would. He hunched out of his chair and regarded the large calendar on the inside of the back door with a calculating eye.

"H-h-h," he said, "this is the 11th of October. Our Winter dance is set for on the last day of October, and I'm going to have her in shape for that."

"You mean that your infatuation for cars has become so deep that you are taking a back to a dance instead of a girl?"

Barry looked as scornful as it was possible for anyone with such a short nose to look. "I'm taking the back end of a girl!"

"Who?"

"Hank."

"Hank is short for what? And is there another name?"

"Hermann, of course," said Barry with great patience. "Her last name is Martin and she lives in Webster. Anything else?" he inquired pointedly.

"Yes," his mother argued. "Why is it suddenly necessary to work yourself up to a letter to achieve the well-nigh impossible: to furnish a chassis for that particular Cinderella?"

Barry reported his arguments. "Because," he said. "Pete Williams has a model A and it has everything. It has a horn that plays 'The Yellow Rose' and one that just says 'Bop.' It's got no wheels, six lights, mounting two seats, and a fog light and a house light. It's got a radio, heater, windshield defroster and seven recessed seats and an American flag. It's smooth and it's shiny and Hank loves that car like it was her own."

"So you wish to produce something dreamer for her to live. But wouldn't it be more sensible to transfer her affections in some way to yourself?" His mother was more dependable than that thing in the backyard. After all, if a car breaks down, love can fix quickly. Whereas if you break down, you acquire a substitute that is allegedly due to her."

"That's all too deep for me," said Barry simply. "All I know is that that thing in the backyard is going to be something out of this world when I get done. And Hank is going to fall for it like a tree is a wind-storm."

In the time that followed, there was a great deal of groan on the bathroom towels and under Barry's fingernails. There was very little homework of an academic nature and there was an uncounted amount of school life in the Whiteman's backyard. Nearly every day out or more of Barry's chores would close his the yard with piles of sheet metal or stacks of cutout trees stored in the back-



of their jalopies and the thumpings and hummings from the vicinity of the garage were constant and determined.

Finally, the day of the dance arrived and, with his chest puffed to play Capo in all its fluorescent glory, Barry ran the finishing touches on himself. Shaking his hair carefully over his head, he stared benignly at the reflection that stared benignly at him. Satisfied at last that he was a fitly handsome pilot for his handsome car, he crawled down the kitchen stairs and out the back door. He found his mother standing beside the doorway, inspecting it curiously.

"Nice," she admitted. "But what about a windshield? Won't it be drunks?"

"Can't get one," Barry said briefly. "But it's all right. I'm taking a couple of blankets. Besides, the heater works."

"Yes, but what chance does it have against all outdoors?" Mrs. Whiteman inquired.

Barry agreed that one and with an air, "Goes I'll blow," started baggally out the homemade nest.

"All right," his mother said. "But, Barry, call me when you get to Hank's. Just as I'll know. You can reverse charges."

It was two full hours before Barry got a chance to call his mother and when he did, he had all he could do to keep his grief from showing. Everything had gone so beautifully. The dreamboat had actually survived the trip to Westport. With some minor delays, to be sure, but that didn't worry him. What really fueled up the situation was that he found Pete Williams, minus his car, true, but complete with suddenly open, at Hank's, ready and willing to horn in on Barry's date.

"Pete's going to ride over with us," Hank explained. "He's loaned his car to his brother for the night."

"Oh, fine," was the best that Barry could muster. Then he went to call his mother.

"M-m," Barry said, trying to concentrate on things to be happy about. "I made it. I'm here and we're leaving for the dance. And Mom," he added in a silent whisper, "she thinks the dreamboat is wonderful!"

"But what took you so long?" Mrs. Whiteman wailed. "It's only a half-hour's drive over there and you've been gone two whole hours!"

"Flat tires," Barry said briefly. "Nothing much, really. Had 'em."

"Flat tires?" his mother and weakly. "For Barry, there are only four wheels on the car!"

"I know," he replied. "Two went flat twice. Look, Mom, I gotta go now."

"All right, dear," she said. "Thanks for calling and I hope you won't have any more trouble."

But his mother's hope didn't even begin to be a reality. His car did just exactly halfway between Westport and New Canaan at half-pass nine that night, and not even the knowing and losing surgical hands that Barry applied could bring it back to life.

What Barry would have, in a lighter moment, termed "the snafu" would have been hard enough to bear under ordinary circumstances, but with Pete Williams—the proud possessor of a car that was—in tow, his tongue all too ready with scurrilous insults, it was hideous in the extreme.

"Ah, why don't you get a horse?" Pete said belligerently, while Barry was still sussing hopefully under the hood. "Or a bicycle built for three. At least we'd get somewhere."

Barry was quite beyond answering him.

After three-quarters of an hour during which every sort of his meager knowledge had been tried and had failed, Barry knew himself to be a ruined man.

"Hank," he said regretfully, "give, I'm sorry. But why don't you and Pete go to the dance?" You can book a ride, maybe, and I'll come along later if I can get this thing started."

"Good idea," Pete said with such complaisance that Barry wondered briefly if Pete could possibly have exaggerated the breakdown. "One idea you've had, my lad," he added, and, turning to Hank, he said, "Come on, Hank. Let's go get going."

Something tightened around Barry's heart as he watched Hank's mouth forming words to reply. If she hadn't looked so lovely in her new white evening dress, if she hadn't had such a bonebreakingly soft, red mouth with which to say what he knew she had to say, it wouldn't have been so hard for Barry. But she did and it was. And for the second

before she spoke Barry felt he could not watch her face as she said it. So he turned away.

But he turned back again quickly and a smile lit his whole face. For she had said clearly and distinctly, "No, Pete. You go. I'll stick with Barry. After all, he's my date." Of course, it was only honesty, pure and simple, and Barry knew he ought to agree the point, to insist that she go with Pete. But just this once, his heart said, Let me keep my mouth shut. So he said nothing. And Pete left them, and he and Hank sat silently on the running board, wondering what to do.

"It's a no-good deal," Barry said and fias the frosty January night. "You should have gone with Pete. On better still, we should have taken his car."

"It's all right," Hank said quietly, but Barry heard the sadness in her voice and he knew it wasn't all right. Somehow he would have to get her to that dance. Or home. They couldn't just sit this way on a stalled car. But what could he do? He didn't have the price of a taxi even if he'd known where to call one so that remote spot. And Pete had taken the only ride that had gone by in nearly an hour. Barry groaned inwardly, knowing that he should have sent Hank off with Pete.

"Old 'get-a-horse' Pete!" Barry muttered angrily, half to himself. Get a horse, indeed. Why? And then the idea exploded in his brain! Why not get a horse? By golly, Minnie's stables were as close as very road and old man Minnie knew Barry well enough to charge it to him, and anyway it wouldn't be half as expensive as these country taxes at three dollars a clip. Why, he could get a horse and haggle for no more than a dollar at the stable, and they would get to the dance after all. He grabbed Hank's hand.

"Come with me," he said and led her toward lights he could see through the trees.

It was just there that Barry's luck began to change, and about time, too, he thought. The occupants of the house he and Hank approached were very polite and sympathetic and didn't object at all to his using the phone. Minnie chattered on the telephone when Barry explained his plight and added to him, "Why, sure," the unshakable confirmation that he "always did say those mechanical gadgets won't be use at all when looks." And Barry was able to leave Hank in the friendly care of the people in the house while he walked the half-mile to Minnie's to fetch the horse and buggy. He remembered, too, to stop by at the stranded destination for a blanket on the way back and for that fear mentally clapped his own back.

It took an hour to drive the five miles remaining to the New Castle schoolhouse, but Barry couldn't remember that he'd ever spent a happier hour in his life. If anyone had told him the day before that he could possibly be content with the run in slowest mode of transportation known to man for even an hour, he would have thought him weakly. But he discovered what his forbears had known as well—that there is definitely something to be said for a quiet, ambling vehicle on a moonlit night, especially when an exceedingly pretty girl is snuggled beside you on the seat, under the same robe.

In short, what had looked like black disaster had turned into what Barry was real-

that man  
MacRae!  
- really terrific!  
His deep  
powerful voice  
really sends you!  
Wear him on Capitol Records now!

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"I Understand!"

"It's the Climax!"

"I Surrender, Dear!"

"A Fellow Needs a Girl!"

"Body And Soul!"

Capitol RECORDS

braved enough by the role to call it "lucky," and he was comforted enough by the experience to reply to Pete Williams' question, "So this made it," with nonchalantly bland reassurance.

"Certainly. You and get a horse, so we did."

Lured into a false sense of security by the fact that, instead of the outskirts of darkness he expected from his schoolmates, he found them in grouping admiration in their whorls of grottoes, he didn't even notice that the cloud of calamity he'd been struggling under all evening was still with him. Slipping happily around the floor with Hank in his song, he failed to notice that the wolf pack was closing in, with Pete Williams well in the lead.

With the nervous sound of the word "out" in his ear, Barry relinquished Hank to Pete with a sigh and retired to the sing line in sweat out the shortest possible decent interval until he could cut back. When he did, the beauty of the night faded and he saw right away that studs had set in again. Pete immediately informed him.

"Look, Barry. I'm calling my brother to bring my car over here so I can take Hank home. I'll take care of it in the meantime you brought her in. It's a favor I've done you."

"Yeah," Barry said, watching Hank's face and trying to keep his heart from making a fresh landing. Because Hank had that desirous look, she always got about Pete's car.

Obviously, her loyalty to Barry as her date had been paid in full by the bouncy ride and there was nothing more he could expect. Somewhere he got through the fog of despair.

that was the rest of the evening and managed to say goodbye to both Hank and Pete with a cordiality that spoke highly for his histrioine abilities.

Merely, bent almost double in the couple of the buggy, Barry marred into the darkness ahead, listening partly to the crackling of the ancient wheels and partly to his own voice as he talked to the horses.

"We were so happy, too, Bubbin. That's what I mean. Why, I gave her the best months of my life, building the dreamboat. And just because one little thing goes wrong, now, and the thing won't go, she goes off into the night with Pete. Never put your faith in a woman, Bubbin, they'll sell their souls for a mess of mucky tails every time."

Blown, he selected Dolores, whose name was probably Charlie, stalled him in the garage, and sadly went to bed.

His mother was hosting the Sunday roast when Barry slid downstairs at eleven the next morning.

"Hi," she said. "How fix?"

Barry poured cereal in a bowl and mumbled, "West home with Pete. Got his brother to bring the car for them."

"Who? Who? Hank?" his mother asked in short, exasperated syllables. And added, "Barry, for heaven's sake, make sense!"

"Hank, of course," he said unconvincingly.

His mother grimed for only a moment. Then she said, "Possibly I don't realize you, but isn't what I see in the vicinity of our garage a buggy? Am I allowed to ask how this acquisition on your part came about? Am I permitted to know what became of that large and beloved creation of yours, namely,

the dreamboat you left in last night?"

Barry ran fingers through his troubled hair. In his voice there was a sort weariness. "Stalled," he explained. "Mason rented us a horse and buggy. That's how we got so close. But Pete and I would take too long to drive Hank home in it, so he took her. In his horse-oufiful car."

"So," his mother added. "You have the small matter of a horse to return and a car to tow. Do you know how much tow trucks cost, Barry?"

"Yeah," he mumbled, stretching. "I'll pay you back."

"You never have pet," his mother said suddenly.

Barry's head lifted suddenly like a dog's with a Irish snout. A dull roar in the distance that had in it intermittent spatters rang like a claxon in his ears.

"Holler," he said, pushing his chair back so suddenly that it fell over. "Sounds like something."

"I don't understand," his mother agreed and went with him to look out the front window.

Coming up the road, under an overcast, questionable poison, was the dreamboat, with Hank at the wheel. Grunting and swearing to them, she drove into the Whitney driveway and stopped three feet behind the buggy.

Barry dove out the door to meet her and "Hey" was all he could say.

"Since I am the first woman to cross the plains of Westchester in a 1924 Buick, no doubt you want to know how I did it," Hank said blithely, jumping down from the car.

"Sure," Barry said. "But you didn't fix it yourself. If you did I'd break your head. Because then you could have fixed it last night."

"In my new evening dress?" she inquired. "No, of course I didn't fix it. It was Dad. You see, he knows all about cars and I know he could fix it. That's why I rode home with Pete last night. So I could get Dad to take me out and fix it this morning early. And then I could drive it over to you, see?"

Barry did see. But for once he was embarrassed. "But, dammit, you don't have to go around picking up my pieces."

"I know it, goddam," she said. "The thing was I couldn't wait to ride in the dreamboat again."

Her eyes travelled lovingly from stem to stern of the big, homemade car and Barry's breath caught when he saw the stony look in her eyes. "How's about we take a ride in her?" he asked huskily.

But Mrs. Whitney had come out of the house and she heard him. "Hello, Hank," she said casually. "Barry, you take that horse and buggy back before you set foot off this property."

"Who doesn't make sense?" Barry howled exuberantly before he climbed in the buggy and deserted Hank to the driver's seat of the car. "Follow me," he shouted as he led the way, seated proudly in the buggy, at about ten miles an hour, down the road.

#### ANSWERS TO MUSICAL RAINBOW

(in Related Pictures, page 56)

**Blue**—My Blue Heaven, Blues in the Night, Under a Blanket of Blue; **Green**—Green Eyes, Brown—Jealous With the Light Brown Hair, Louis Brown Dog, Red—Red Silk Stockings and Green Perfume; **Purple**—Deep Purple; **Black**—Black Magic; **Lilac**—Lilac Time.

#### Now here's the shoe!



**GIBSON  
GIRL**

695

Mid-low heel . . . baby doll toe . . . perfumed with  
"Gibson Girl" fashions! And look . . . 7 different colors:

BLACK RIBBLE	BROWN SUEDE	GREY RIBBLE
RED LEATHER	BUCK LEATHER	GREEN LEATHER
BLACK PATENT		

KAYS NEWPORT, Dept. C49, Newport, R. I. Please send my "Gibson Girl" pumps at \$6.95.				
Size	Color	Material	Box	Width
5 1/2	6 1/2	7 1/2	8 1/2	9 1/2
6 1/2	7 1/2	8 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/2
7 1/2	8 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/2	11 1/2
8 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2
9 1/2	10 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2
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## LET'S TALK IT OVER

(Continued from page 34)

**Mrs. McNaughton:** This is a touchy situation. I don't at all agree that a boy's mother should go with you as date. However, in fairness to the boy you should be understanding, as it may be as awkward for him as for you. Your only solution, as I see it, is to be so thoughtful and nice to the mother that she will feel it's unnecessary for her to go along to watch over her son.

**Peggy:** I think the boy has set back home at all, he will tell his mother in a nice way that that sort of thing isn't done, and that it's embarrassing to him as well as the girl. But if he won't, I'd just ignore him.

How odd do you think a girl should look before she starts dating boys?

**Mrs. McNaughton:** That depends greatly on the individual girl. Generally, I think she should be at least 16 before she goes out with a boy alone. Before that, in my opinion, it's better for young girls and boys to attend parties in groups.

**Peggy:** I think it's a good idea for boys and girls to go to movies and parties in groups from the time they are children, but I don't believe they should date boys alone until they are at least 15.

How can you break off with a boy without hurting his feelings after going steady with him?

**Mrs. McNaughton:** This is another instance when it depends on the individual case. You could break off gradually by finding excuses when he asks you to go out. On the other hand, it might be kinder to tell the boy frankly that you don't want to go steady with anyone at this age.

**Peggy:** Here, again, diplomacy is needed. I would tell the boy that while you still like him and would like to see him, you don't want to go steady with anyone while you're so young. Assure him that it isn't anything personal against him and you would like to date him. But then you would also like to go out with other boys.

The other young people in my town think I'm queer and weird because all I'm interested in is art. I want to be a great artist some day. I don't want to be left out of all the fun but that's what's happening. What should I do?

**Mrs. McNaughton:** Your desire to be a great artist is very commendable, but don't lose sight of the fact that an artist should know and understand people. Try not to appear "arty" with your friends, but take an interest in what they are doing. If you cut yourself off from the fun to be had with people your own age, you will leave yourself open for a great deal of unhappiness.

**Peggy:** I think you could use your artistic tendencies to further your own popularity. You could make clever posters when they are needed for school affairs, and could help decorate the gym or hall where dances and parties are given. If your school puts on plays, perhaps you could design the costumes. I would be careful, however, to let people think you feel you are superior to others in any way. You can study art without letting it take up your whole life.

## Tricks for TEENS



**SHOWCASE ENVELOPES**—Here's a wonderful way to keep your blouses and sweaters and trim in your bureau drawer. Buy transparent plastic material by the yard and make envelopes—16 inches long and 12 inches wide in a gold all-around trim—and hem them with colored bias tape. Put one or two garments in each envelope and you won't have to plough through your drawer to find them. It's a nifty gift idea too.

Pat Tucker, Waynes, Ontario

**THIRTY AND FIFTY**—If your pillowcase is too long, change it into a rugbag. Slip the sweater down the middle of the front and sew on two strips of grosgrain ribbon of contrasting or matching colors. Sew on buttons and make buttonholes. The easiest way is to buy the ribbon that has buttons and buttonholes already on it. There are lots of colors to choose from and most notions companies carry it.

Erica Chacon, Trenton, N. J.

If the sleeves of one of your dresses wear out and the rest of the dress is still as good as new, buy a yard of suitable printed or plain material and replace them with sleeveless sleeves.

Pauline Dubois, Montreal, Quebec

**FAVORITE FAVORS**—Five new birds make unusual party favors and your guests will love them. Collect medium-sized, well-shaped pine cones, some pipe cleaners, bits of red ribbon, tips of either chicken or turkey feathers and some small flat pieces of wood for the bases. Bend one pipe cleaner in the profile of a bird's head and glue it to the stem end of the cone. If you're making hens, roosters or turkeys, use the red ribbon for combs and wattles. Glue the top ends of feathers to the other end of the cone for the tail and make the legs with another pipe cleaner. Stick the tips of the legs in between the cone petals and fasten the feet to one of the small wooden bases.

Judith McDonald, Brainer, Calif.

**ON THE BAG**—To brighten up fabric packages use gaudy colored pieces and embroidery needles, one inside the other, on the outside of the packages, using the white starch. Do the same with your blouse or blouse. It's more attractive when you use a rainbow range of colors.

Margaret Morris, Trenton, N. J.

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published.

As we said before, we want new and different tricks but the pickings have been mighty slim of late because a lot of them have been the same old thing. We know you have lots of "new" ideas! Writers are chosen for originality and for preference limited to other girls. Address Trick for Teens, Calling All Girls, 242 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. All rights become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS and cannot be extenuated or reprinted.

**HEY LOOK! These "make 'em yourself" do-dads are really rave stuff**

On the left . . . DUNIA . . . so easy to make, so cute to wear. On the right . . . POOLY PIN-ON . . . a Teen Swinger accessory that will make your friends know you like mad! Both ideas are from JANE'S TEEN TRENDS

, and both can be whipped up quicker than you can say Jan Volksen, from the step-by-step instructions.



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DUNIA Instructions . . . 16 enclosed  
POOLY PIN-ON Instructions . . . 24 enclosed  
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For full details on "how-to-make" DUNIA send 2¢. The JANE'S TEEN TRENDS instructions are also 2¢. With either you also get the latest issue of JANE'S TEEN TRENDS.

Want to subscribe for a year . . . 12 issues . . . 15¢. JANE'S TEEN TRENDS Costs two bits. (Yes, we accept change!)

time, don't expect him to make up your mind for you. He can get a grade mark for you which may indicate where your skills lie, and he can give you advice, but the rest is up to you.

You can do a lot for yourself, more than any other single person can do. You can speak to people in various professions and fields of business that interest you. Personal contact and interviews are important. Who knows—you might be talking to the editor of a newspaper whose friend is on the faculty of a journalism school, or after a meeting with Dr. Rogers you might find that medicine isn't the field for you after all. Or—you might be more certain than ever before that it is! Your school counselor may suggest a good school for names that may have escaped the attention of your grade advisor. Talk up, and chalk up, you can't lose.

Above all, don't work yourself into a frazzle just because you don't know what to make your chosen field. Some people never decide until they're in their last year of college. Besides, during the first two years in any college everyone takes required general courses. Specialization comes later.

#### You Must Apply Early

All right, let's assume that you're a junior in high school, in other words the class of '59. You should go to your guidance teacher and on his advice, write the applications of various colleges for application blanks. Your guidance teacher will help you to fill these out and return them to the college where they will be put on file.

You don't say this. You have your applications in, and in plenty of time, too, you're sure. But early in your senior year, you will follow all this up with a letter certifying the Board of Admissions that you filled your applications the preceding year.

This is a two-way preventative measure. First, your application might have become lost or misplaced; and secondly, the board may want additional information filled out to make your application completely active. The fact still remains that you applied early and should be near the top of the list.

If your average is good and if the personality rating your teacher gives you is favorable, you will be called for a personal interview. This personal interview is an indication that the college is seriously interested in you, and in some instances it is almost a sure sign that you will be accepted.

Notice that term, *personality rating*. You fill out only part of the application. The rest is filled out by your teacher who scores you on appearance, cooperation, leadership, character, integrity, and so forth.

So far most of the emphasis in this article has been placed on the teachers. It is assumed that you who are members of the class of '59 will take the same steps immediately if you haven't already done so. True in your case is really at a premium. The school year is still young, and a prompt application now will make your chances for college still good.

In deciding which college you would like to attend, there are several factors to take into consideration: money, scholarships, standards, and type of college.

Money seems to rear its ugly head almost

everywhere—in colleges, too, unfortunately. If your funds are limited, it's well to investigate and compare the different colleges from the financial point of view—or to put it more precisely—the tuition and room and board point of view. State colleges in New York State are teachers' colleges only, but Ohio, Pennsylvania, Florida, and many others have state universities. If your state has a college or university, make the most of the advantages it offers you.

If there is a college in your home town, then naturally you can live at home and save on dormitory room and board expenses. Or, if you are planning frequent trips home during the course of the year, don't pack a college so distant that it will cost you a small fortune each time.

The next problem is scholarship standards. If you have over an 85 average in all subjects, you should have no difficulty. However, the closer your average is to the 99 and 100 mark, the higher and better your chances. There are some colleges, however, that will admit students on a 75 per cent

#### JABBERWOCKY AND JIVE

##### FROM DATA

###### MONDAY

Wanted: One boy  
Tall and dark,  
Must own a pajama;  
In dress  
Never sleepy;  
A bid to the green  
When it  
Comes along;  
An orchid cottage  
And some new  
Perfumage.

###### WEDNESDAY

Would like: Any male  
However weak.  
That he can dance  
In what I seek.  
As to the car, it's  
Not a must—  
As manners stand  
I'll get there as fast.

###### FRIDAY

Any date  
Will rate—

average in all subjects. It's never wise to aim for the minimum. A little more concentration on your subjects, and you can pull your average up.

As to types of colleges, there are three main groupings: teachers' colleges, regular liberal arts colleges, and junior colleges. Teachers' colleges give a regular four-year course which prepares you for either high school or elementary school teaching depending on the college you attend. Because state teachers' colleges are tuition free, they have a large application list, their scholarship rating is high, and they can afford to be cheap. It's also possible to become a

teacher without going to a teachers' college. But first let's distinguish between a college and a university.

A college is a school which offers a liberal arts course or specializes in one profession and can give only a bachelor's degree. For example, New York State College at Albany, New York, specializes in preparing boys and girls to be teachers, and teachers only. Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute specializes in preparing people for various phases of engineering. Radcliffe College, a regular liberal arts school, gives a bachelor's degree in education. On the other hand, a university is a group of colleges. For instance, Columbia University has a School of Education, a School of Medicine, a School of Law, a School of Engineering, a School of Dentistry and so forth—in addition to offering a general liberal arts course. There fore, a teacher, a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, and a dentist can all be graduated from Columbia University. In other words, a university is a collection of colleges in much the same way that a village is a collection of houses.

A junior college differs completely. As a rule, a junior college consists of two-year courses although there are some three-year exceptions. It cannot offer a degree, but does issue a certificate of graduation. Some people go to a junior college because it acts as a kind of finishing school and that is all they want; some people go because they want further education but not four years and a full degree. Others attend a junior college with the intention of transferring at the end of that time to an accredited college.

##### Year College Guide

Still pretty much at sea about what school to choose? The "Guide to Colleges, Universities and Professional Schools" published by the American Council on Education, 344 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C., gives lots of valuable information about different types of institutions, their courses of study, tuition fees, dormitory facilities, degree offered, special rules and regulations, and much more. You'll probably find that your school counselor has a copy, and will let you use it in deciding on your college-to-be.

If you have the faintest idea that you might want to attend college, your school has a college entrance or academic catalog throughout high school. Make sure you're taking enough math, science, and language courses before you attempt the electives. Don't let yourself be like one girl who graduated valedictorian of her class and couldn't get into college because somewhere along the line she hadn't taken plane geometry. To err is human, and principles and guidance teachers are human. It's up to you to see that in your case they don't err.

If you keep in touch with the proper authorities from time to time, mistakes like the above will never happen, and the latest information will be at your fingertips. Nothing on this earth is certain, and at this time of your life, least of all college. A policy might vary at a moment's notice. The college that accepts on the basis of school marks today might demand that its prospective students take college admissions exams tomorrow. You never know!

THEY LEFT

Calling  
CARDS



Two boys of us, and a son very much the counterpart of Harry in her story, *The Night, The Girl, and The Jester*, are three reasons why Maryland News would like to write about young people.

Others are that she likes "their candor . . . their pain, which has in it a great deal of courage; and . . . the way they look, which is clean and natural as the sunrise." Born in Maryland, she is the wife of an artist. Lives in a country home in Westchester County, not far from New York.

From her native New York, where she was a girl reporter, editor, and radio writer, Gaylen Goodrich found herself one day transplanted to Oak Ridge, Tenn., and an entirely different life. Wife of a research chemist, and mother of two small children, she still manages to get time for writings. *High-School Hymns*, Oak Ridge style, are practically tailored to her busy typewriter.

You won't necessarily become a top-notch book and magazine illustrator just because your biology drawings are pretty special. But if you had John Alan Maxwell's talent, too, those

drawings could start you making art—they did him—and some day doing something as fine as his illustrations for *Serenade for a Sonnet*. He's just returned from Hawaii, New York, and his studio in Greenwich Village, haunted, he says, by the great artists who once lived there.

All that Maria Sandoval Antos had to do when writing *Serenade for a Sonnet* was choose which one of her charming real-life friends of her native Dominican Republic she wanted to tell, and decide in which one of her six or seven languages she should tell it. The fact that she's just become an American citizen may have delayed the latter. And her recent visit to Puerto Plata to see her mother, Elena Maria, make her debut was also a factor



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## SERENADE FOR A SENORITA

(Continued from page 19)

down to any young man, have you, Rhina Maria?" said her mother anxiously. "No young man must have been, remember it would cause talk."

Rhina Maria opened her mouth to say of course she had not given two dances to any young man. Then she said nothing, suddenly not sure. Had Rafael not called her there today? Had not someone called her today? How terrible it would be if she had given two dances to one young man, when she had not yet been spoken for, and only one's prospective husband should have more than one. For a moment she was afraid, then she refused to be afraid. The day was too happy for fear.

"No, Little Mama," she said. "Of course not!"

But the fear kept nagging at her, and she was not so sure. A dreadful mistake, if she had somehow made such a one.

She raised her head, discerning the fear.

For the tenth time she looked over all she would wear tomorrow night. She wished the white dress were not so formal, so completely covering, but it was a traditional white, like a communion dress. One did not change it, as one did not paint the white rose red. There were bright shoes from the United States, with high heels! They were her first high heels. There were lipstick, rouge, and eyelash pencils which she dared not use today, but which she must use tomorrow to prove her womanhood.

Now her dance progress was full. At least there were舞者 enough. She checked them carefully. It would also be terrible if she had made a mistake and there were dances left. If a program were fulfilled when a débütante arrived the place of the party, it proved her unpopular. There would be no way out if this were to happen to Rhina Maria. No heavier substitutes would do. She checked and rechecked. No, she had all her dances taken. Everything would go well!

She didn't expect to sleep that night but she fell asleep quickly and did not even dream. When she awoke with the sun on her face, she knew that she was seventeen and a *mortero*—though not until her débüt would it be official, an established fact.

The dance was at the country club because there was no other place big enough to hold all the friends of the Mendons. The Mendon family itself, when all of it was together, would have filled a hall almost as big as the dance floor of the club. Every member of the family had had quite of friends and these as rare had their friends, and Don Evaristo Mendon had invited everybody who was anybody.

Rhina Maria entered as the last, she could never remember thereafter whether it was the son of her father or her brother. She wore rouge for the first time, lipstick for the first time, eyelash pencil for the first time, high heels for the first time, with enough color here and there in her garments to make her even more beautiful than she knew herself to be. And her hair was up! She could ride it as high as she liked now, comb it into beautiful shapes, wear big combs in it with ornaments over the comb.

Pandemonium broke out when she appeared. There was noise, but she didn't

hear it. There were strummers and colors, large crowds under gaudy sunshades, everyone power copied from every fashion magazine in the United States. Rhina Maria was engrossed in the color and sound, and spoke to many persons at one and the same time. This, later, was her only excuse for the error.

Now came her first big victory. The young man of the town swooned around her, asking for the dance program which had been given her at the door. There were Rafael Durante, Julio Mengel, Ricardo Ruiz, Alvaro Esquivel, Basilio Henriquez, Ramon Silvero, and a dozen others, all dressed formally as if they had just stepped out of bandboxes. Everybody knew, of course, that the young man, too, had been pleasure all these weeks for the débüt of Rhina Maria. The prestige of her father. . . .

"But maybe it isn't just that," sang her heart, as one young man after the other took her program and signed his name after the dance she had promised him. "Maybe they like me a little, too. No, Rafael, you may not have a second dance, as you very well know. Besides, there is no second dance for anyone to have. They have all been twice, or more, ever since yesterday."

But Rafael had a second dance with Rhina Maria. He was an ambitious young man,

never been happier, would never be as happy again, she was sure. Donna Mama, Rhina's gloriously radiant mother, was more pleased than anyone else. She did not think of serendades, she knew. She did not fear two dances given to one young man; she did not know.

Not until near the end of the celebration did Rhina Maria's first remorse. Would there be a serenade? There had been no mistakes so far; everything had been perfect. The ceremony of becoming a woman was almost done and soon she would know. She would remember always the sun that had been played the drumming of the tambourines, the scratching of the guitars, the tapping palms, the sarcasm not only because she loved the instruments, but because each young man called her attention to whatever was being played and whispered soulfully:

"I shall remember it always as if it were our music!"

Of course there was no intention to be serious with such talk. It was just being "Donatina," but it did not keep the memory from being nice to her.

"I am no longer a child," she kept telling herself, as if unable to believe it. "I am a woman. Yesterday it would have been silly to associate me. Tonight if I am not smacked, it will be a social calamity."

It was all a great success, the food, the drinks, the dancing, the fine dress—especially the gaudy colors of the ladies' dresses. Everything was packed and Rhina Maria, well into the last dance, recalled a terrible thing she was dancing with Rafael Durante for the *second-time*! Standing at the sidelines was Ricardo Ruiz, who, she now remembered, had the last dance. Why had he not claimed it? Why, why?

"Rafael," she gasped, almost fainting. "How does this happen? How is it that you, such an old friend, have done this to me? See the faces of my parents are like clouds of thunder—like the face of Ricardo Ruiz. My perfect success has been utterly ruined. And we dare not sit down, or stop dancing. We must put the best possible face on the matter, but from now on my mistake will be the talk of the town. Why did you, Rafael? Why did you?"

"To dance twice with such a beautiful woman," said Rafael, smirking. "I would do anything. And since you did not notice the mistake, perhaps it is because you did not wish it?" Perhaps I may hope . . . ?

"You may hope nothing, Rafael, except perhaps something to be forgotten and never break my friendship."

"

And, worse could happen, she was discovered. Ricardo Ruiz, noting the smile of his friends, of everyone who understood that Rhina Maria seemed to have "waked him up" for Rafael Durante, suddenly marched through the dancers toward them, his face red with his anger. Rhina Maria wished she could vanish into nothingness on the instant.

Dances passed, halted, turned to look at Rhina Maria and Rafael Durante, for all understood the drama that was being enacted. Rhina Maria must do one of two things: allow herself to be led away by Ricardo Ruiz, as unheard of thing, or dance out the second dance with Rafael Durante,



Rafael. He also loved a good joke, and sometimes his jokes were thoughts of consequences, as Rhina Maria and every one at the party were to know when the party ended. Rafael had set his name opposite the last dance as well as the second dance.

The last dance had been spoken for, promised to Ricardo Ruiz by Rhina Maria herself. Only, Rafael signed the program first and when Ricardo came, and now, he merely looked straight at Rhina Maria, bowed and left. She did not notice because of all the young men, so dancing to her, as deferential. If there were wrinkles in the eyes of some who had been children with her, who had saved her outfit and down, into her house and out, into theirs and out who had challenged her to swimming races in the pools, if there were wrinkles in their eyes when they remembered the child she had been no longer ago than yesterday, they were pleased wrinkles.

Midway in the dance Rhina Maria had another fear: would the young men accuse her after the party? That would prove her social success beyond question. Popular debütantes always were succeeded.

But she refused to look too far ahead. The party was too long, though. She had

also an unheard-of thing. She could not move off the floor, publicly slighting the belle—it was simply impossible in Saint Domingo!

There was another way out, but it would make her a child again, subject to her parents as never before: her father and mother could step in, take charge of her right on the floor, and march her away from both parents. Then everybody concerned would feel English.

Just the same, she wished her father or mother would come to the rescue.

But when she looked at them imploringly something that had never happened before in all her life happened to her now: her father failed her! She had made the error or allowed it to be made, she was a woman now and must extricate herself from the dilemma, her father's slight headshake added.

When Kusudo Rain would have planted himself before them, leaving them to him, she spoke to him imperiously, as she had done many times when all three had been children together.

"It was my mistake, Ricardo," she said.  
"Walk along with us while I think of how to correct it without injury to anyone.  
Rafael, you and Ricardo are now my beloved partners! Just as it is in the motherland, Rafael, we shall turn your bad joke into a surprise for everybody, something unanticipated. Ricardo, you must play up and not be angry. I shall dance with you both at a time. Rafael, you will whirl me to Ricardo. Ricardo will not let back. Leave the room to me. I shall dance as I have never danced. You both shall make yourselves. We must make everyone, especially my parents, forget that a grave mistake has been made."

The two young men began to grin. Each gleam in their faces took the place of anger and chagrin. Rafael spoke to Elisa Maria to Rovardo. There were gasps of surprise from everywhere and then a clapping of hands. Elisa Maria had never danced more prettily. She unseated cups she had never thought of doing, all graceful, all dignified—because she had to—and the applause of the spectators spared all three “belly” dances.

So at the very end, amid applause that told all three dancers that a new novelty, "Rhina Maria's Meringue," had been originated for debut, Rhina Maria had to flee, her parents were ready, and the family made its escape. Rhina Maria fought to keep down the tears as her parents scolded her mother, her mother scolded her, while her father did not seem to know whether to scold or merely chuckle. He was not a little proud that his Rhina Maria had a quick-thinking head on her shoulders.

"There will be much talk, just the same," he said. "I hope with all my heart it will be good, not just wild gossip that will do harm. One can never be sure."

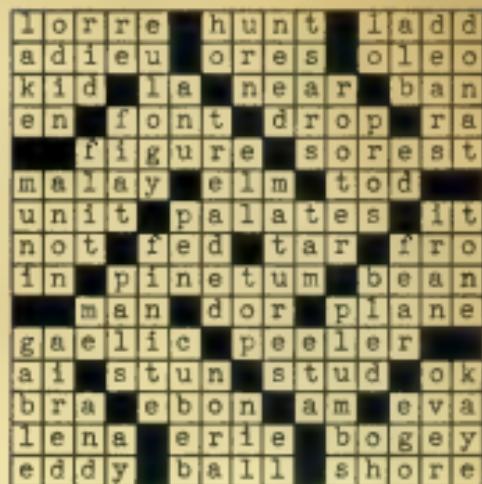
"We will soon know if, as Americans say, you 'got away with it,'" added Don Blieden. "If there is no sentence . . ."

There it was, one of Rhina Maria's first again. Would she be able to think her way out of no-serenade, as she had thought her way out of no-second-dance-in-the-same-place?

They were home. It was late at night. It was early in the morning. They sat and talked and waited, and no one came. A half hour passed and there came no sound of music in the moonlight. An hour passed.

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"We may as well retire," said Don Ricardo. There was anger in his face, and Rhina Maria knew he felt that, in the person of his daughter, had been measurably slighted. Rhina Maria, in her nightgown of falls, sat on the bright window-seat, watching the snow-covered streets. The party had been a happy occasion, until Ricardo's stabs were, and now—the world had come to an end.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright.

Out of the night which was so close to morning came the sound of wails! It had scarcely begun when Rhina Maria realized that below her window was every single player and instrument which had made her debut an event never to be forgotten! There were the clacking palms, the snarling snare, the rattle, the cymbals, the grunting tom-toms, the violin and the guitar.

Rhina Maria stood, passed through the jalousies. Instantly her mother was at her side, warning her:

"Do not show a light, do not open the window. That would be the act of boldness, and you are now a lady. You may know, you may give no sign."

Still, through the jalousies, she could see them all in the lawn. The first piece of music they played was the very first piece that had been played at her party. With whom had she danced that? She scarcely remembered, until she heard him singing in the midst of the music—Just Espadit. He was singing "Our song" and his voice was good.

It came to an end, and began again, another blinding place, and it was the second piece of her debut. Her second partner, who could not sing very well, stood half-burdened in the moonlight, just in case she should look out in secret and see him there.

Wonder of wonders, the musicians played every piece they had played for her debut, and every young man with whom she had

danced was there to witness her! Her face returned when it came time for the last one, for in it there was an expression—of relief. And Ricardo had become angry during the last hour or two. Small things caused great damage sometimes in Santa Domingo.

Then her heart lifted—for there were Ricardo and Ricardo, side by side, singing the song to which the three of them had danced. Her mother exclaimed with delight:

"As last Don Ricardo, in his dressing gown, trying not to look proud as a peacock, trying to behave grumpy and sleepy, opened the door to the serenaders. None of the ladies caught he present, and Rhina Maria dared not even speak downstairs to later. But Rhina Maria told him what would happen."

"He'll shake hands with each of them," she said, "for the tenth time tonight. The serenading will bring him something to drink. There will be many occasions, many hearings and scrappings, for your father is a man of courtesy, as after thought, you will be a woman of renown. But there is all man's business. Then none of the serenaders will begin saying goodnight. He'll be singing that now."

Yes, Rhina Maria, looking out the window again, careful not to disturb the jalousies, saw the serenaders filing away into the morning. Her father, complaining as if he heartily disliked it all, and feeling not even himself, returned to his bed. Rhina Maria departed softly, first kissing her daughter on the forehead, cheek, and chin, the mother's kiss-kissing.

Now indeed, Rhina Maria was a woman. She was very happy at the dropped off so slowly. Whatever came after, during the inevitable afternoon before she should be married, and the just-as-cerit occasion afterward, her debut had been a success of such magnitude that it would never be forgotten in Puerto Plata, raised as all Santa Domingo

## GIRLS IN THE OLYMPICS

(Continued from page 25)

stadium on July 29 will light the Olympic fire that will burn steadily until the great event is over on August 13.

No such dramatic episode marks the opening of the Olympic Winter Games—there may be a long snow storm, instead—but the president of Switzerland will be there to open the event officially, the flags will be flying, and the contestants of 29 nations in their Olympic uniforms will be marching in parade before cheering crowds. High over all will fly the Olympic flag with its five entwined circles—representing the five continents joined in friendship and understanding.

Twelve girls from the United States will compete in the Olympic Winter Games at St. Moritz in the figure skating and skiing events. There'll be bob-sledding and ice-hockey events, too, but not for the girls. The figure skating team is made up of Edna Seegh, 18, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Gourhan Merrill, 22, of Berkeley, Calif.; Yvonne Gosselin, 12, of New York, N. Y., and Karen Kennedy, 18, of Seattle, Wash. Edna Seegh and Gourhan Merrill both perform alone; Yvonne Gosselin skates in both a singles and a pairs skater, skating with her partner, Robert Swengen; and Karen Kennedy has as her partner her brother, Peter.

Two of the eight women skiers are Andrew Mead, 15, of Bremerton, Wash., who won the women's national slalom championship

last winter, besides qualifying for the Olympics; Brynild Gundersen, 16, of Medford, Calif.; Ruth Marie Stewart, of Harrison, N. H., who qualified for the Olympics as skipper, but has had a birthday since; and Anne Jeannette Wins, of Goshen, Maine, who will celebrate her twentieth birthday in Switzerland in February.

## TRYING OUT for the Olympics

How were they chosen to represent the United States in the Olympics? Most of them here won a few championships on the way up. Brynild Gundersen, for instance, was urged by her friends to try out for the Olympic Ski Team. That meant a lot of training, for although Brynild started skiing in 1939 in the Yosemitic Valley and has won a number of cups and other honors for her racing, she didn't think she was ready for the Olympics just yet. Skiing at Sun Valley, Idaho, was part of Brynild's intensive training, as it was for Andrew Mead. Both girls worked their way up, competing with amateurs and pros, placing higher and higher in a succession of meets, and last winter in the Olympic tryouts they won places on the Olympic Ski Team.

The story's very much the same for the other members of the team. Anne Jeannette Wins' home is only 25 miles from Sun Valley and near other skiing areas in Utah, so she was able to ski to her heart's content and keep her eye on the champions until she

become one of them. Ruth Marie Stewart was studying physical education in Boston when the urge to get in some really wonderful skiing sent her out West. In two weeks in Colorado she excelled in more skiing than she'd done in the past two years, and after a series of wins in the Nationals, she qualified for the Olympic tryouts.

And don't think the skaters haven't worked hard to get where they are—though with the war canceling out the 1940 and 1944 Olympics, they weren't too sure there would be any 1948 Olympics to skate in until last winter, when it was announced that the tryouts were coming up soon and that anyone who wanted to compete should notify the Committee. Karen Kennedy and her brother Peter—the always states with Peter, has no ambition to be a singles skater—practiced every evening from six in the evening. Young Clare Sherman has been getting up at five every morning to practice figures on fresh ice before going to school. These girls have been a number of champions, as have Eileen Souch, outstanding figure skater who has been performing in Norway and Sweden with the Olympians as her goal, and George Merrill, U. S. Senior Ladies' Champion since 1943. The country's skating experts had them marked to win even before the tryouts were held.

#### Next Stop—St. Moritz!

After meeting in New York, early for the try, the girls will travel as teams, with their coaches and others of the Olympic Games Committee to look after their welfare. While that year they are permitted to go by air, most of them will travel by train. They'll be in Switzerland on the way over, and they'll stick to training routes after they're housed in one of the St. Moritz hotels. Early to bed, and soon at dawn to get in some vigorous practice on the Swiss trails and meadows before the big event opens.

Traveling expenses and uniforms are funded Olympic expenses. This year the girls' wardrobes will feature gray and black. The gray ones they'll wear on parade have the new swing backs. The gray suits are neatly tailored. Black sweaters, gray ski suits with helmets are a part of the wardrobe, and for the dinner and banquets, there are mid-length skirts of black, with white blouses.

But it's not the fine figure they'll cut in their smart outfit that will be on the girls' minds when they arrive in Switzerland a few days before the Winter Games open. They've been chosen to represent the United States in the Olympics. And every one of them has a double responsibility. How she performs and how she others either defeat or triumph is going to count in maintaining the high standards of amateur sport here and abroad. She's also a kind of good will ambassador for her country, and what she does is important in building friendship between the United States and other nations.

In case the girls haven't thought of that themselves—and probably most of them have—they'll be reminded of it by their coaches before they make the trip.

Win or lose, Olympic contestants have a bright future. For some there will be in vitamins in other countries no compete, and though there will be a few, perhaps, who will stay abroad to accept these invitations, most of the team members will be coming back together to take their places on the roll of fame in athletics.

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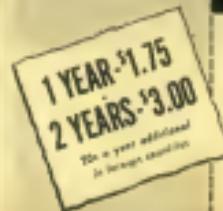
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**HOLD THAT LINE**

(Continued from page 22)

and on her it sounded good. At least it brought her home and fortune. But since we're not all Gertrude Stein, when we go in for the stuck needle effect of repetition, we sound slightly on the dim-witted side.

Helen ought to order the sort of her family to find her every time she lets one of her bad habits words or phrases hop into a sentence. She'd soon be a lot more socially acceptable.

There are some words that can't politely be used even once, and we're not thinking of swearing. After all, adults don't swear, except without recourse to profanity. Dorothy M. is one girl who is really happy to tell the honest giv talk and sing at her forte. She parties herself on losing the time in her gang to come up with fresh new phrases and sharp lingo. The great trouble it's fun and so does she, but sometimes the name the gag uses the realities of bad manners.

One day the chairman of the church social dropped in to confer with Dorothy's mother. Dorothy greeted the guest with the statement, "The sorry but the Deacons has been frey down in a blizzard at the local darüber. The women shook their head in bewilderment, come sure the daughter was crazy.

Dorothy has an exaggerated case of stage-fright, but along can be in poor taste if it's used in the point of confusion. It is just as rude as speaking a foreign language in front of a person not familiar with it, or whispering or passing notes. It's only fair (and polite) to include all listeners in the understanding of what you are saying.

Of course, some people never wear a shade away from the printed roles in the grammar book but they're still completely obscure in their speech. Take Anne F. Her speech is perfect except for the fact that it is unutterable. Anne is a mouthful. Maybe it's stage fright or maybe it's laryngitis, but Anne mumbles on and nobody knows quite what she's saying. Anyway, it's embarrassing to her friends and audience to be forced to continually parrot, "What did you say?"

Anne should quickly learn the lesson that of a person is worth speaking to, he is worth speaking in plainly. Woidgashness, or any sort of mastications while supposedly engaged in a conversation, is strictly rude.

And then there is the girl who has a speaking habit we think would really shock her if she ever learned it herself. Mary T. got into her bad habit because of a couple of younger brothers. Mary's rhythmic tic-tac-toe, or she rocks to success and soaring to success. The case has progressed to the point where she finds herself slipping into nervousness in front of other people, even though she knows that nervousness is a poor substitute for her. Mary should try a little laughter to break this habit. She'd get a lot further.

Look at Alice R. Alice doesn't have too much to say—but she's not a chit-chatter—but she looks interested when she's talking and when she's spoken to; she speaks clearly, she doesn't have a lisp; she's just responsive. And she doesn't have strange mannerisms while she talks nor does she run any particular word into the ground. Alice, she's kind. She wouldn't want to hurt people by taking a gibe at them, even in fun.

All her speaking habits are good. Alice makes a perfect talking picture, one suppose would like to make a habit of listening to.

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